

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXXVII. }

No. 1962.—January 28, 1882.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLII. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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MISSING.

MISSING, no more ; a dumb, dead wall
Of silence and darkness stands
Between us and they who left us here,
In the golden morning of the year,
With hope and promise and parting cheer,
Wet eyes and waving hands.

Never an omen told our hearts
How fate lurked, grim and dark ;
Fresh and sweet smiled the April day,
And the treacherous waves in sunlight lay,
Kissing the sands of the sheltered bay,
And laughing around the bark.

Like molten silver shone her sails,
As she glided from our gaze ;
And we turned us back to our homes again,
To let custom grow o'er the yearning pain,
And to count by the hearth — ah, labor vain !
The lonely, lingering days.

Never a letter from loving hands,
Never a message came ;
We knew long since should the port be won ;
We knew what the fierce north gale had done ;
And slowly crept over every one
A terror we would not name.

Ah me ! these weary mornings,
When on the great pier head
We strained our sight o'er the tossing seas,
And studied each change in the fitful breeze,
And strove to answer, in tones of ease,
Light questions coldly said.

Ah me ! those weary midnights,
Hearing the breakers roar ;
Starting from dreams of storm and death,
With beating pulses and catching breath,
To hear the white surf "call" beneath,
Along the hollow shore.

Never a flash down the wires,
Never a word from the East,
From the port she sailed for — how long ago !
Why, even a spar one would weep to know,
Tossed on the wild waves' ebb and flow,
Were something real at least.

Missing, missing, and silence,
The great tides rise and fall ;
The sea lies dimpling out in the light,
Or dances, all living, gleaming white ;
Day follows day, night rolls on night ;
Missing, and that is all.

The bark crossed out in the log-book,
The names dropped out of the prayers ;
In many a household a vacant place ;
In many a life a vanished grace ;
We know our cast in the long life race,
But only God knows theirs.

Tinsley's Magazine.

MINE.

NOT much of earth belongs to me.
A few short feet of mossy ground,
Soon measured o'er, in sheltered nook,
A little lowly grass-clothed mound.
Not much — for all I have lies here —
A maiden young, and fresh, and fair ;
A very flower in early spring,
She seemed to scent the vacant air.

But Death, with never-idle scythe,
Cut short my darling's little life ;
And buried with her are the dreams
Of when we should be man and wife.
Not much of earth belongs to me,
Yet is that little dearer far
Than any gem on monarch's brow,
Than light is to the evening star.

Not much of earth belongs to me,
But in yon heaven of sapphire blue,
One treasure stored is all my own,
A maiden lovely, sweet, and true.
Death may not hold the fragile flowers ;
They die, but every springtide brings
A new and bright awakening
Of all earth's pleasant sleeping things.

So doth my flower bloom again
In yonder blissful deathless home ;
An angel wears her at his breast
Until her long-lost lover come.
And as I sit beside her grave,
Shining in tender spring sunshine,
It seems to me as though all earth
And all the heaven were wholly mine.
All The Year Round.

WINTER: AN ELEGY.

I.

I LOOK from my lonely window
Over the snowy plain —
A hearse and a handful of mourners
Are creeping through the rain !
The flowers are dead and departed,
The memory of summer is gone,
Song from the lark, and the lark from heaven, —
And the day drags on.

II.

My soul looks out from its grating,
And sees without a sigh
The funeral train of youthful hopes
Mournfully pass by !
Health, and the joy of existence,
And the faiths that wont to be,
And love, are dead and departing, —
It's winter with me.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

JOTTINGS IN FRANCE IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

PARIS looked grey and dull this year in the last days of August and the first week of September. Indeed, we have seen an amount of bad weather there at different times, wet, cold, windy, snowy, such as would have ruined the reputation of any English town. But it is always useful as well as agreeable to praise oneself, and Paris has done this to such good effect, that the world at large believes that her climate is as pleasant as some other of her characteristics.

The town looks less picturesque at every fresh visit, for the piercing of new streets increases yearly, and they are all built in the true boulevard style, with high *mansarde* roofs and gables in them, all of the same height and pattern, the long lines of windows and mouldings running straight through from end to end, without a break, with monotonous regularity, evidently constructed by the acre. Old Paris was a triumph of individualism even five-and-twenty years ago; every house had been built at some time by somebody according to his own taste and fancy—to live in, not to sell. It had an idiosyncrasy of its own, resulting from the individual thought and requirements of the owner, differing in each. A few old streets remain of the old picturesque fashion, and we passed through one or two on our road to the Lyons Station. Here is a house, two stories high, red brick, with a great deal of color in the lower half, grey stone ornaments over each window, and an arched doorway with some rich old iron work in it. Alongside stands a lofty neighbor of five stories, with balconies at the top, full of trailing nasturtiums and scarlet geraniums, a bower of green wreaths showing against a dark brown roof, and *pignons sur la rue* with round-headed windows set in blunt triangular gables. Next comes some good plaster work in panels between the pilasters of the architraves, while opposite rises the pediment of the old Hôtel de Sully, with boldly carved entablatures and emblazonnements in stone, the great *porte-cochère*

opening into an inner court, where, on the flights of steps and balustrades and “rustic” masonry, stand pots of large oleanders and pomegranates. Every house has its own physiognomy instead of being turned out by the gross; but, then, there is the consolation (or the reverse) that each street can now be swept by cannon in case of a great row or a revolution, and that a gun planted at the Hôtel de Ville can command the whole line of the Rue de Rivoli down to the Place de la Concorde!

Two hundred miles of dead flat (with the exception of the pretty hills round Fontainebleau) carried us through the centre of France from Paris to Dijon, that “ugly picture in a beautiful frame,” which must always be traversed, in whatever direction the country is crossed.

We passed much undrained ground, with bulrushes and coarse grass, much ragwort and weeds of all sorts, tracts of frowsy land, low lying and marshy, or high lying and bare, evidently not worth cultivation by the small proprietors when it lay far away from their dwellings. The melancholy-looking villages stand a good way apart on both sides the line, quite unaffected by the railroad; their one-storied houses, with deep brown, almost black, tiled roofs, looked like barns, with hardly any chimneys, dilapidated, wretched, with no new constructions of any kind to be seen, except at the railway stations. There are no “bettermost” houses among them, but all of one low-level character, with a miserable little church in the midst, generally hardly bigger or better than the buildings round it. Not an atom of ornament or even a gable was to be seen, and the houses grow, as it were, out of the bare ground, without a scrap of flower-garden, or so much as a path up to the doors. There were hardly any by-roads, only the one *chaussée*, so that everybody must cross everybody else’s land to cultivate their own plots. In the excessive subdivision these plots lie very separate, and one owner will often possess ten or twelve pieces of half or even a quarter of an acre, each of which has to be ploughed and harrowed, planted and manured separately. The enormous amount of labor

expended, and the small return of grain is very striking, less than half the crops which are gathered in England, according to Mr. Caird. And this though the climate is so much better than our own, as might be seen by the maize and the vines, while the average of the soil is certainly as good. The women were carrying great weights, working bare-headed in the fields, washing bare-legged in the streams, driving the rude ploughs, etc., which always shows a low ebb of civilization. Not a machine was to be seen the whole way, except one for making hay, half-way to Dijon; indeed, such small owners cannot afford them.

The supply of firewood was very scanty, and came from afar — faggots and trunks of trees, of which the largest measured about eight or ten inches in diameter. The peasants cannot afford to keep forest land, which entails long waiting for the profit of the produce, and the woods belong to the few large proprietors at great distances apart. Indeed, these are few and far between, for after passing Fontainebleau we only saw two châteaux from the railway. They both stood high, with some terraces and ornamental trees about them and their *dépendances*. Else the excessive monotony of the open flat country, unbroken by a single division or hedge, and without a tree, except the rows of miserable polled black poplars, was extremely depressing. When once we came upon a group of three large horse-chestnuts and elms, the first and last we saw in one hundred and fifty miles, their beautiful rich round outlines were a joy to the eye, wearied with the sight of green brooms in long lines. Thousands of French peasants can never have seen a real tree in their whole lives.

The look of the houses, with the *persiennes* of the one best room always closed, is very dismal, and the holes left for scaffold-poles in the walls when building, not filled up, gives them an unfinished, gaunt appearance. Altogether the country looked grave, grey, dull, decaying, and the population is everywhere stationary, in some places diminishing. A dreary life "Jacques Bonhomme" seems to lead in central France. I asked about the

dancing in one place. "O! on a aboli tout ça!" was the answer; there is a ball sometimes at Christmas in the towns, but none of the old dancing on Sundays, only hard work. Yet, I remember, as a child, hearing a peasant ditty —

C'est demain dimanche,	que les filles dansent
Les garçons vont les prier,	Mademoiselle, voulez-vous
	danser?
Une contredanse,	le pied sur la planche.
En avant, chasser croiser,	un tour de main et bal-
	lancer —

which showed a different state of things.

We have not seen a gate for nearly three hundred miles, and although hedges in the north of France and walls in the south are left to mark out the divisions (often into the smallest of fields), great gaps are left to pass from one to the other, so that the cows require a guardian to keep them to their duties. A cow, indeed, is a fine lady, who never goes out without her man or maid, by whom she is taken for a browsing of a couple of hours or so, in the morning and afternoon, and no one seemed to mind any beasts but his own. A flock of sheep, with a shepherd and two wolf-like dogs watching them, was a new sight. The last time we had noticed it was near Amiens.

The scene changed when we came near Dijon. "France" is a big word, and to talk as if any generalization held good from the Manche to the Mediterranean is, of course, even more absurd than to speak of Kent and Caithness as alike, because they are both British.

Vineyards cover the rounded hills of the Côte d'Or, the red and black loam of which produces the valuable Burgundy wines. The crop, however, is a very expensive and "chancey" one. Ten or twelve per cent. is made in a good year, but in a bad one hardly anything, while occasionally it is a positive loss; then the small owner must borrow or beg. The best growths are in the hands of large proprietors, chiefly wine-merchants, but there is a great deal of common Burgundy grown on little patches of ten to twelve *journaux*.* The bad years of late have been many and trying, the phylloxera

* A *journal* is three-quarters of an acre.

has invaded the country, although it is not so bad as in some parts; two and a half per cent. was all that could be counted upon, taking everything into consideration. The men who work for hire are paid generally in kind; if in money, about four francs a day in the vineyards at this season.

Dijon, the capital of the old civilization of the south-east of France, is full of old memories and old monuments of "les princes des bons vins," as her sovereigns were called; but everything was defaced at the Great Revolution, and grievously mutilated. The Chartreuse has been levelled to the ground, where were the magnificent monuments of the dukes of Burgundy, altar tombs on which lie grand colossal figures of Philippe le Hardi, 1404, and his son, Jean sans Peur, with his wife, Margaret of Bavaria, 1419, called "the finest specimen of mediæval art north of the Alps." They lie with their hands raised to heaven, "in their habits as they lived," and colored like life. The heads are very fine, individual, and full of character; they were only saved by being pulled to pieces and buried. They have now been stuck together and placed in the museum, and the tearing them out of the associations for which they were designed, the breaking-up of the setting of which they were the centre, has so spoilt the poetry and sentiment of the tombs, that they have nearly lost their savor and sunk to the level of the "curios" which surround them — "dried head of a cannibal from the Feejee Islands," "fetish of an African king," etc.; and when we came to the "cast of the skull" of the fierce old Jean himself, taken out of his grave, the force of disenchantment could no farther go.

The ancient Palais de Justice has nearly been improved away. The rage for destruction in France has been greater than in any other country: to wipe out the past, to begin again from the very bottom of the edifice, seems to be the chief object of the national existence. The old dynasties, the old institutions, the buildings, are levelled or improved out of all knowledge; the very names of the streets in Paris must be changed in each fresh rev-

olution, to satisfy the instinct for getting rid of all that differs from the color of the prevailing opinion of the moment. There is no reason why in a dozen more years a succeeding wave will not have washed away all the handiworks of the present generation of busy workers, like the sand forts and gardens of children on the sea-shore, or rather there is every reason to expect it. Each, however, is equally fierce in its conviction that it has hold of the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that all who differ are either scoundrels or fools, probably both at once. The lilies of France can be traced on the scutcheons, under the red cap of "Liberté, égalité, et fraternité" of 1793 — the bees of Napoleon again over the signs of the republic — more lilies, Louis Philippe's cocks, more "fraternités," more bees, more republics, red and other, carved or painted over doors of national monuments, at the corners of squares, in frescoed ceilings. Everywhere may be traced crumbled idols, dead enthusiasms, extinct beliefs, emblems of rallying-cries that rally no longer. "Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse," is a truly French feeling.

When a tree or a constitution has roots in the soil and gradually grows and develops, the changes may be great, but there will be a certain harmony in its whole character, it is possible to calculate the course it will take; but if it is cut down and another planted every twenty years or so, who can say what the next tree of liberty may turn out to be? The waste of energy is enormous in this perpetual reconstruction. History has no lessons for a people which has thus deliberately broken with its past, whose sole idea of improvement is to make *terre rase* and build from the foundation. "Aucun de nous connaît son père, nous sortons tous de dessous le pavé," said Cousin one evening at Madame Mohl's, in despair at the want of continuity in French politics, ideals, and institutions.

The elections were just over, and the papers full of skits upon them. A conversation between an elector and his representative began with, —

"Are you going to diminish the taxes?

They are heavier now than they were under the empire."

"No, but we hope to *supprimer le Sénat*."

"Why, what harm have they done, poor souls?"

"Oh, they would not have the *scrutin de liste* as we bade them."

"But why mayn't they have their opinion as well as the deputies?"

"Oh, because we are right and they are wrong."

"But what we want is will you diminish the taxes?"

"No, but we hope to *supprimer le président*" . . . and so on.

There was great discontent at the war in Tunis and the manner in which it was being conducted; all the mistakes committed in '70 were being repeated, as to the bad commissariat, the sanitary arrangements, or rather the want of them, the enormous cost and the little results obtained; a credit of five millions had been taken, and treble the amount spent already, with nothing to show for it. "The war has broken up this ministry," said a shrewd Frenchman; "and, if it goes on as it has begun, it will do more. The Mexican war was the beginning of the end for the emperor, and this may be so for this form of the republic." "They dare not send Chanzy, our best soldier, to Tunis, they are so afraid of his return as a triumphant general and military dictator." "But it has been very useful to them to get rid of a great many inconvenient persons," laughed another, "and they have broken up the regiments and despatched awkward customers with great effect out of the way of mischief at home."

The tremendous speculation, the want of preparation for action, only discovered when *munitions de guerre* and soldiers were called for in earnest, were all quite as bad as under the empire. And there was a very unpleasant connection between the financial enterprises, the Enfidra railroad, etc., etc., which had been encouraged by government, and the sending out of troops to enforce their claims.

When Gambetta is once minister, he will soon fall in reputation; no man can ever long survive that ordeal in France. The republic devours her children fast; the people demand impossible success, and when a man has failed and fallen from office, it is not, as in England, to win again in more favorable circumstances, but he is swept off the stage like so much rubbish, "and falls, like Lucifer, never to

rise again." How many ministries have there been since 1870? There have been ten different French ambassadors in London during that time.

We found many American travellers in the hotels. Vulgarity is very amusing when it is French or German, it is part of the day's experience; but when it speaks English one feels a sort of unpleasant responsibility for it. Blood is thicker than water, and the vulgarity of one's own family, even far-away members of it, is certainly depressing. One is not proud of "calling cousins" with the usual travelling specimens of the United States. We came in from looking at the fine old church of St. Benigne in the twilight, when an exceedingly well-dressed lady followed us from the same place. "What did you see?" said her friends. "There were no shops, and I felt so lonesome that I came back," she said, with a twang enough to electrify one. Her neighbor replied by a long dissertation on the relative advantages of gathers and flounces, and it seemed strange to have taken the pains to come four thousand miles to discuss problems, important no doubt, but which might quite as well have been followed up at home. In the *livres des voyageurs* were "observations" for the enlightenment of mankind, such as "Mr. and Mrs. — from Massachusetts. Pears here very good, the best we have had since reaching Europe;" which combined the advantage of a hit at the poor Old World and a trumpet blast in honor of the New, even if it were only in the matter of pears. Why do such people take the trouble to come? They must be rich, or they could not afford the expense. In the old society such an amount of wealth implied a certain amount of culture, and to travel so far a certain sprinkling of knowledge and interest in art; but these have neither, and it was evidently very dull work to them* and to many others we met. Indeed, the head of this very party, an old man, after his womankind left him and he was free to behave as he liked, nearly put out his jaw with his fearful yawns, accompanied by an inarticulate howl of ennui, louder and more hideous than I ever heard.

We went to look at the old inn of La Cloche, under whose narrow archway H — once safely steered the diligence

* In the novels of Mr. James, no harsh judge of his countrywomen, several of his heroines go through all the galleries and palaces in Europe, and return home having seen nothing and without troubling themselves to be ashamed of the fact.

more than fifty years ago. The postilion had fallen off his horse, dead drunk, several miles from the town, H—— jumped into the jack boots which were as usual strapped to the stirrup leathers, and succeeded in bringing the five horses into the courtyard of the hotel without damage to his very unwieldy equipage (though the glory ought no doubt to be shared by the horses).

The vineyards do not extend far beyond Dijon. The grape cultivation is everywhere extremely local, and ends suddenly where the limestone hills and sunny aspect come to an end. In spite of the associations connected with the word, it is a frightful crop; the dwarf plants, pruned to an unsightly stock and trained to short stakes which bristle over the hills, can never be otherwise than ugly, while the sub-divisions are even greater than with other kinds of produce, and give an uncomfortable jerky look. Then the long, flat plain began again for another fifty or sixty miles, when at last a more southern look came over the land, which could hardly be put into words, the roofs became warmer in tint and flatter in pitch, there were walnut groves in the fields, a general new atmosphere of beauty, as the rising hills in the horizon grew nearer every step, and there seemed a feeling of mountains in the air. "Mais les blés ont très mal réussi, nous avons été grillés pendant deux mois, et à présent nous sommes noyés; il y a beaucoup de misère," we heard. "It is only because the French have such small families, and the population is absolutely stationary, that the peasant proprietors can live," said a very intelligent Swiss who knew the country round Lyons well. At Ambérieu the railway enters a narrow valley with lofty walls of rock closing in with Tors like those at Matlock, a rapid stream at the bottom and picturesque villages hanging over it with projecting wooden balconies. Vineyards were creeping up the stony slopes. The vines will grow where nothing else can cling; pinned to the rock with scarcely any soil, they seem to bask in the sun's rays, scorching through them till the grapes are baked into ripeness, where other things would be shrivelled by the heat. "They will flourish where even weeds die," is a sort of proverb, and the hard gravel of some of the best Médoc *crus* is notorious.

Then vegetation died away, and the grey, steep cliffs were as naked as their rugged Scotch and Welsh compeers. As night came on we could see the warm

light dying away on the upper summits of the crags above, the valley of the Jura grew wilder and wilder, and the moon began to shine on a misty world. Then came a flood of moonlight on the little lake of Bourget among its narrowing mountains, and we reached Aix-les-Bains.

We had pouring rain for nearly a week. The town is huddled up on a precipitous slope round the hot sulphur waters which are its *raison d'être*. The small, close streets climb the steep hill, with tall houses shutting out light and air. There is never any wind, and an abundance of smells. But some of the prettiest scenery in Europe is to be found within a walk. The vines were no longer pruned close and mangled, but trailing from tree to tree, their lovely festoons hung now with purple grapes, above plots of bright green, large-leaved maize, loads of which were dragged about by picturesque mouse-colored oxen, while this poetic foreground was backed by steep mountain-sides — the Dent du Chat, five thousand feet high, just opposite — and the beautiful little lake beyond.

Still the rain poured on, the town was full to the rooftrees, and the only rooms we could get were in what was called a *châlet*, in the garden of one of the great hotels. Night and day the rain pattered round us, on mimosas, bignonias, oleanders, altheas of many colors, and all sorts of lovely plants, without stirring a leaf; it was like living in a steaming greenhouse. Each day, after having been parboiled at the baths, we crept up through the dripping trees to the various *tables d'hôte* under umbrellas, and came back under the same. And on these rainy evenings the one hundred and fifty guests of our hotel, who would otherwise have gone to the concerts and *cercles*, crowded solemnly (as far as consisted with the law that two bodies cannot occupy the same space) into a couple of small *salons*. Some sat on the ground, some balanced themselves on the edge of the furniture, while the men stood smoking in the passages and halls; the infinite boredom of the whole was indescribable. The only amusement was to watch the specimens of real watering-place growth, women who devised a fresh toilette each day, picking the astonishing flowers out of one astonishing hat and sticking them into another, varying the decorations with superhuman ingenuity. One day, however, there came some real bouquets, eclipsed and dulled by their magenta rivals. "I would not wear natural flowers with the others, they look so

dowdy!" said my companion, in irreverent laughter at effects planned with such pains and success. The occupants of the hats flirted and gambolled (and gambled also); they laughed, they ogled, they talked in perfect harmony with their attire, and were quite worth seeing as curious natural phenomena.*

We changed our quarters five times in vain attempts to better ourselves in a sanitary point of view, and could now graduate in a profound knowledge of smells. There is the open-air, honest farmyard smell; the stable smell, more suspicious and closed up; the faint and sickly smell, suggestive of low fever; the insidious underhand smell, which only comes out when windows and doors are closed against rain or cold; the boisterous, tyrannical smell, which keeps no terms, and is always present and asserting itself; the gas smell; the burnt-fat smell, where the ghosts of five daily tables d'hôte rise in evidence against the eaters; and there is, finally, the combined result of all these together, in which Aix may be said to revel.

The arrangements for the baths are very good, where *douches*, from the hot river which wells out of the earth, and cold ones, alternately, are fired at the unhappy patient, and the shampooing and rubbing and steaming is carried on by *baigneuses* in exceedingly scanty clothing, by reason of the excessive heat. One could not help remembering Lady M. Wortley Montagu's evidence in the Turkish baths, borne out by all the dwellers among African and Indian unclothed races, that, when the whole body is seen, the enormous preponderating interest of the face diminishes. The general effect of good proportion in the whole form counterbalances the want of beauty in the head, which becomes merely an item of many parts, and this, even when fair, does not compensate for an ill-constructed body accompanying it. My two *baigneuses*, stalwart, strong "daughters of the plough," easy in their violent action, had limbs which were well worth drawing,—one oldish woman with grandchildren, one young with babies. They are up and hard at work by three in the morning, during the season, when they begin with the hospital patients, and go on until

twelve, and again in the afternoon for two hours, always wet from head to foot, and in incessant motion; but they do not suffer, and are only sorry when the dead time comes round. "I am never ill but in winter, when there is nothing doing!" said one of them laughing; but, then, they are well-paid and have plenty to eat.

In general, the sickly, worn look of the women, and even of the men in the fields, was very striking; they are underfed and overworked, said our doctor friend. They are frugal almost to a fault, eat little but rye bread, which often brings on illnesses peculiar to itself,—"*des étourdissements, des fièvres*," when touched by ergot. They do not drink their own wine, and only the buttermilk from their own cows. He said that the *morcellement* of land is so great, and the mortgages on it so heavy, that the peasants cannot live on the produce of the plots; in a bad year they were reduced to starvation, there is much begging and a great deal of private charity. "My mother generally has to keep alive four or five families in the winter, and often asks me for a sack of corn." "They lead hard lives in the villages," said every one.

The weakly look of the children is sad to see; the doctor said the mothers were forced to go out to work and could not take proper care of them; and that all sorts of want of health proceeded from the want of care; the number of accidents, burns, etc., was dismal.

The weather cleared, and we took one beautiful drive after another; one day we went over a hogs'-back, with the vines trailing from tree to tree (generally the supports were of live maples), no fences anywhere, up a steep ascent with views of the valley below, and great walnut groves among the houses on the hill. On the summit level, where the ground plunged suddenly down to the lake on the other side, and was clothed with very fine old chestnuts, stood a farmhouse, a solid stone building, rather large, a little distance from the road. We turned up the muddy path to it, past a stable which formed the first half, where an old woman, filthy, ragged, and bare-legged, was washing amongst the dirt heaps. We picked our way through puddles of manure to an open door where the mistress was churning. She was very gracious in reply to all our questions. The room was large and very high, quite up into the rafters of the roof; the floor was of earth, like the ground outside, without any at-

* One of the bye-laws of the Casino gives a pleasant little peep into French family life. It is so much the fashion for daughters-in-law to accompany their sick mothers-in-law, that a special privilege is allotted to them. They (as well as the *filles*) are allowed, in reward of their virtue, to go to all balls and concerts at half price! I was fortunate enough to be in the fashion.

tempt at levelling it; washing was quite out of the question, and even to sweep it was almost impossible, as there was a step down into the house. The beds were in a sort of inner recess, hardly to be called a room; a few large, broken chests, a wretched table, and some broken-down chairs, comprised the whole of the furniture, while the chickens were running in and out chirping. The woman, barefoot, in a dirty, torn, cotton petticoat and jacket, a tousled head of hair that was evidently never touched by comb or brush, had five children as squalid as herself and a sixth just arriving. It was a scene of misery and discomfort, such as one never could find in England except in absolute destitution. Yet she and her husband hired the large vineyard in front of the house, a field for hay, another for maize, etc., ten *journaux* (about eight acres) from the *grosse maitresse* who lived next door, in a house as wretched as their own. (She was out that afternoon, so we could not see her.) They had three cows and two oxen "to work the earth." The rent consisted in half the produce; and she thought it the best plan for them in such chancey years as these last had been. The ground was very good; they had tried their luck elsewhere, and had just returned to their old home. Did they drink the milk? "Oh, no, except the children sometimes," she said, as if it were a crime; she made butter and sent it to Aix, three miles off. They drank a little buttermilk. "Oh, no, we have no meat, certainly not!" Or wine? "No, they sold it. The children ate the grapes sometimes, but they were not yet ripe." The dreadful old woman was her mother, who had come up to help her to wash. "They were hard times," she said; and sickly, worn, haggard, ugly, and unkempt as she was, with her house as wretched as herself, she would have been supposed to be in the lowest dregs of poverty in England.

We drove on through the chestnut trees to where the valley opened at the head of the lake. The view was exquisite; a great mass of lilac mountains with jagged edges and points rose against the sky, marked out by delicate shadows and pale, golden lights, a pass on one side leading to the Grande Chartreuse, and an opening on the other to Chambéry, over which the snow tops of the Alpes Maritimes could just be seen, and the usual foreground of vines and maize. The reflections of the mountains in the lake were almost too perfect, as we passed

close to its shore along what had once been the railway. An improved line was made by the French after the annexation, and was presented as a *bonne bouche* to Aix to reconcile their subjects to the new yoke. Pools with white water-lilies lay on one side, and ragged children, after wading up to their middles to gather them, were running after us to offer them for a sou.

The extreme variety of the drives was remarkable. We drove north another day, by a glorious bit of country; where the highway of the olden time wound up and down through little villages surrounded by vineyards, with tall walnuts overshadowing, branching old chestnuts stood in the fields, the patches of haricots, of maize, hemp, bright green grass to be cut for the stall-fed cows, were in little plots, looking like allotments in size, and some mulberries, but the disease in the silkworm has ruined the "industry" of silk. The great bunches of purple grapes, the figs, the standard peach-trees (which, by-the-by, are very ragged ugly bushes), altogether made a most idyllic picture, and nothing could be more exquisite than the background on both sides, with vineyards terraced wherever there was holding room, and peeps at the little still lake, with a lilac haze over it, and the grim point of the Dent du Chat over all. So much for the outward, not so for the human part; the smells, as we drove between the picturesque houses, with their overhanging roofs and balconies and outward stairs, the stone archways into filthy courts, were almost overpowering; the children, barefoot, pale, and sickly, were wallowing in the dirt; the women, stunted and ugly, were dragging little carts, cutting grass, laboring in the fields. Some were stripping the leaves from ash boughs for the cattle to eat; one, with a great load of grass on her head, was toiling up a steep path, her husband following after, carrying nothing; they had been cutting weeds in an ill-kept vineyard, and he had loaded this his beast of burden with the results, which would be used to feed the cows. A little further on, and the perpendicular cliffs, dipping into the lake, seemed to bar all further progress. The deep green water, in which the reflections of the upper world were shining and which were almost more beautiful than the originals, here, however, drew back a little, and we crept round the headland, on which grew great bunches of *Rhus cotinus*, which I had never before seen wild. We reached a village beyond, where the

wine was said to be the best in the country, and the fruit the finest; the peaches and figs, indeed, furnish Aix, where they will hardly ripen: while all was divided into small plots. Here, evidently, we had reached Arcadia—the fruitful soil, the delicious climate, the good market for the produce close at hand, the excessive beauty, peace, and apparent plenty, and peasant proprietorship in perfection. We walked about while the horse was baiting. The stone houses of the little hamlet were set at every imaginable angle, creeping up the steep side of the mountain from the lake; picturesque was no adequate word for the large grey buildings with their many outward stairs, the trailing vines covered with grapes hanging over their doors, the great eaves, and the bright lights and flickering shadows cast by the broad leaves of the tall walnuts, while a pair of mouse-colored oxen were dragging the broad green maize leaves from a plot above. The inhabitants were generally in the fields; but at last we found some open doors. The first house we entered turned away from the sun and the view into the narrowest of lanes, opposite a barn; the room would have been quite dark, for the tiny window was so blocked and dirty that it gave no light, but that two sticks were flaming in the large open fireplace, the uneven mud floor was the same as we saw everywhere, a broken press, some dirty sacks, two chairs, nothing else was in the place. The owner was a widow with two grandsons; she had a cow and a heifer on the mountain, a piece of vineyard and of maize, and a bit of land, “où il y a un peu de tout,” hemp, beans, hay for forage, etc. Hideous, dirtier even than her floor, with the usual blue-cotton torn jacket and petticoat and bare feet and legs, she was a most repulsive-looking creature, and begged for a sou.

We wanted to see a winepress, and were directed to the next house, where steep stone steps led up to three living-rooms, all up-stairs above the stable and out-house. The “house-place” looked like the extremely untidy loft of an ill-kept barn, with bits of rotten wood, odds and ends of rope, and heaps of straw lying about. A few maize cobs hung round the great open fireplace, with no signs of fire in it past or present. Another room within was as utterly unlike an inhabited dwelling—a confusion of dirt and disorder, with a few things for tillage lying about, and some great round flat rye loaves, black, sour, sodden, about two

feet in diameter, resting against the wall among the dirty rubbish. The barefoot mistress baked every fortnight, and put a little wheat into the loaf, “pas beaucoup.” She offered us some of a basket of beautiful figs which she had just picked to send in to Aix. The rooms were nearly dark, but she opened the door into an inner bedroom, with a window to the lake, where the glorious nature shone in like an extraordinary surprise on the squalor. Chickens just hatched ran in between the beds, a sort of cage hung from the ceiling, where she put the cheeses, “else the rats would eat them all.” The clothes of the family, man, woman, and children, were all hanging on a rope; there was no kind of cupboard, press, or drawers in the house. She took us to see her winepress in a dark, dirty hole below, with a great cask, where the grapes were trodden by men’s feet before being put under the screw of the machine, which was of the rudest and most wasteful kind; it was very unpleasant to think of drinking the results of such a filthy process! The mistress was still young, but withered and haggard with overwork, low-spirited, sad, and hopeless. She complained that the great heat of August had dried up their grain. “Ah, c’est un vilain pays ici, laid—tout montagne.” “We think it all very beautiful,” said I. “Ah, pour vous,” she sighed. All their wine and butter and fruit was sold to get enough bread to live on. They grew “un peu de tout,” as indeed everybody did in those parts. Everything was done at home. She dressed the hemp and spun it, after which it was sent to the village *tisserand* to be woven into coarse cloth; there is no division of labor known here.

Their two cows spent the summer on the mountain, on the communal ground, and it took an hour for her eldest daughter to go up and milk them; she made butter but once a week.

Her youngest child, a pretty little bright-eyed thing of eight, barefooted like her mother, came in from the nuns’ school, where the girls are taught gratis. The boys pay eight francs a year, and a “lay” school was being established. I was afraid we might have asked too many questions, for at first she was not communicative, but we parted great friends, and she said that she wished her child were a little older, when she would have asked me to take her as a servant. “Remercie la dame, Marie; fais la révérence,” and the little one bowed her head and opened her great soft eyes. “Elle n’a pas fait sa

première communion," and if she dies now (there was no appearance of any danger) "they would not bury her in the little chapel up there," said the mother dreamily; "petite comme elle est, she must be carried out there to the next village," which seemed to pain her. The priest only came to the chapel occasionally, and they walked over to the next church every Sunday. The possession of a *pressoir* implies a certain amount of dignity and profit; the neighbors who have not got one send in their grapes to be trodden, and in payment leave behind the mass of hard squeezed skins and stalks, called *marc*, from which, after it is steeped in boiling water, an *eau-de-vie* is distilled.

Another day we went up a mountain lane, which zigzagged high up among the rocks, and was broken with torrents across it which had carried away the road; there were absolutely no trees that did not bear fruit, except on the steep slopes where the shrub grew short and scanty, being well kept down by cutting for firewood, which costs a good deal even for the scanty cooking. We looked into a cottage, where two men, with their jackets hanging over one shoulder, were sitting like a Dutch picture, each with a glass of the thin red wine at a round table before the great wide empty chimney. A woman stood by them making a white curd cheese, several of which were hanging out of window in an osier cage. They gave some of the whey to their one cow, "to help her to do the field work;" there are more cows than oxen used in the country. We asked about the size of the properties. "There are some very large about here," said one of the men, "as much as one hundred and fifty or two hundred journaux, from that down to two." The hiring price of land was from forty-five to fifty francs a journal for the best, the proprietor sharing equally with the hirer the produce of the vines which grew between the plots *en treille*. For a vineyard the owner finds manure and vine-props, the tenant the labor, which is required almost all the year. "It is a beautiful country." "Vous trouvez?" said they, with a shrug; "it would be much better if we had land behind us, instead of being shut in with that wall of rock." Mountains were unfruitful, barren, and evidently unpleasant accidents of nature.

The amount of work done by the women is enormous, without which it would be utterly impossible to cultivate these small plots, as the owners cannot pay for labor. Here was an old woman, dirty and worn,

working with a great hoe, her gold cross, hanging from a gilt heart, dangling above the dirt, as she bent her stiff old body over the work; another was guiding the plough, which two oxen were dragging, and which only scratched the earth; another was harrowing with the little three-cornered harrow used here, a baby laid by her on a heap of sticks in the open field. Some were breaking the hard lumps of soil with a sort of hook. In a ploughed field, far from any cottage or village, was a mother sitting in the middle of her work, suckling her baby, with three small children hanging round her; the fatigue and anxiety to a woman of dragging such tiny feet to such a distance, where they had to be kept the whole day, perhaps only a woman can rightly understand. At Chambéry we met four men riding in a bullock car, their three women walking by the side. Even on Sunday, poor souls, they work on after mass, with an attempt at better clothes it is true; but they are too down-trodden to have courage enough, or time enough, to attend to their looks or the looks of their houses. Indeed, the use of beauty is certainly altogether ignored in French country life here. A woman is treated as a beast of burden, and the general civilization suffers.

In the villages on the hills the houses were stuck at every imaginable angle, and if the problem had been set, how to waste the most room and give the least accommodation, it was solved at Mouxy. If there were three houses together, instead of opening on the road, they stood one behind the other, or back to back anyhow, down the steep, muddy declivity, with no sort of path, though they had only to fetch stone from across the way to make one. The ground between was cut up with the passing of the oxen, with rubbish heaps, while pellmell, fronts and backs, the dwelling-house stood in one place, the winepress in another, the cow-house in a third. All but a very few lived in their own houses, which were extremely old. Nothing like a new one was anywhere to be seen, and all were on the same level of filthy discomfort. We went into one after another, and found scarcely the smallest difference between them, the wretched little rooms always opening into each other, so that it was impossible to reach the innermost without passing through all; back doors are nearly unknown; clay floors, no furniture, no presses for clothes, the children sitting on the ground for lack even of stools.

We did not see a single book or newspaper, or ornament of any kind, in the thirty-five or forty houses we visited. The struggle for life is so severe, the wolf of starvation is so close to the door, that the effort to get bread enough to eat seems to exhaust all their energies. They simply preserve life at the expense of all that makes life worth having.

We took pains to go into what looked like the good as well as the bad houses. I generally begged to see the winepress, saying that, "as we had no vines in England, it was very interesting to us." A *pressoir* is a sign of wealth; the request was, therefore, a compliment, and they were almost always pleased to be asked, while the lofty compassion excited by hearing of so dismal a land was also pleasing to express. "What! no vines? no figs? Drink beer? How sad! Beer is but poor stuff," said the proud possessor of a plot of mountain vineyard, where he made half a cask of thin, sour vinegar. Once I was moved to say that we kept our cows for milking, and used our horses for draught. "Well," he said, "the cows give less milk certainly, but they *must* work here, because we can't generally afford oxen, and as for machines, what use would there be for them on our little plots?"

One exceptionally beautiful dwelling lay high up on the mountain, with a grand view to the south towards Chambéry, and to the north towards the end of the lake. It stood in a natural park, with great chestnuts and walnuts growing out of the green sward on a steep declivity plunging down the hill, and a vineyard behind. There were no fences, and all the ground round might have belonged to it. The house was a large stone one, with very picturesque balconies and overhanging eaves; the mistress was washing her gown at a trough (on Sunday), and the master, with four little boys, was sharpening a scythe. We were taken inside, where the rooms were as dark and filthy and comfortless as always, and we were coming away when the man said, "Si vous trouvez ça si beau—will you buy it?" We asked if he were really serious in wanting to sell. "Yes; very truly I am. And the ground lies all together! all in one piece!" and he reiterated this surprising fact again and again; part of it was his mother's. "How much land is there?" I inquired. "That you would see when it was measured for buying," he replied sententiously. We heard from the wife afterwards it was about eighteen

acres. "Oh, is England too far off for you to come here? is it such a long way?"

When H—— arrived, I took him to see my proposed estate; the vineyard occupied nine acres, and the wife declared that they made twelve barrels of wine last year, and sometimes as many as twenty-two, but I doubt this was a fiction of the seller to a hoped-for purchaser. If one could have lived on milk and grapes, and walnuts and chestnuts, it would have been very tempting; the walls were so solid that it might have been made into a comfortable home, the floors were boarded; it was by far the best of all the homesteads we saw; but though the owners had cows and oxen, pigs and winepress, they were just as squalid as their neighbors, and cared little for their place. Indeed, it was remarkable how the richer houses were not a whit more comfortable or civilized than the poorer ones. The ideal had sunk to the level of the most miserable everywhere.

In a flour-mill on rather a large scale, where we went the next day to look at a press for making colza oil to burn and walnut oil for salad, the old miller, who looked like a day laborer, took us into his house. In England he would have had a smart parlor, with prints on the wall and books on the table, an attempt, at least, at art and literature. Here the one room was so small that it was hardly possible to sit down; a flour-bin on one side, the staircase on the other, and the cooking-stove set in the large, unused chimney-corner on the third, and everything dirty and bare. These stoves are now taking the place of the great wood fires, and are very convenient. A flat-iron box, four inches deep, set on four legs, with three or four round openings in the top—a handful of fuel is put inside, and as soon as it is alight the pots are set in the holes to simmer, an iron tube carrying off the very small amount of smoke. His two daughters were making some soup—haricots, leeks, sometimes a little maize or potatoes, no milk, a bit of butter, seldom any meat they said—this was the usual *potage* of the district, and indeed generally in France.

The miller employed no workmen; they did all in the family, and "had a good piece of land of their own." In England the sons would have resisted being made into day laborers, and would have gone off into other trades; but here the only object seems to be to avoid hiring, and to keep the piece of ground together. The

idea of "bettering" themselves, of rising in the world — which is the great object of the Anglo-Saxon race for themselves, or at least for their children — is entirely absent here. There is no ambition but that of putting money by in the funds, or hiding it in an old stocking, after the barest necessities of life have been provided; and no capital is invested in cultivating the land. We found another "rich" mountain home on the other side the valley. We had followed an old man, who was carrying on his head a heavy load of green maize for his cows, to a large farmstead, up among the big walnuts, which he owned, and where he lived quite alone, in the usual filth and destitution; but he had a tall clock, which he showed us with pride. It did not go, but it was a wonder of luxury worthy of admiration; we saw no other, indeed, in the district. "Now, let me show you *la maison la plus élégante du voisinage*," said he. "Jacques is a great proprietor; he has forty thousand francs in land only — about twenty journaux (eighteen acres), and they are worth two thousand francs each about here, and he has four oxen and two cows!" Neither the great man nor his wife were at home, but our friend went up the outside stair and pushed open the door. There was a kitchen and sitting-room, both large, the last absolutely bare, except for three chairs and a wretched table. The three bedrooms could only be reached through the other rooms, and were certainly not bare, for all the wardrobes of all the family — men, women, and children — clean and unclean, linen and woollen, were all hanging on long ropes. There was not a single press in the house; some oats were lying on one of the floors, and some gourds under the beds. Long plaited hanks of hemp hung on the walls. Except that there was more space in which to be dirty and uncomfortable, there was no difference between the most "elegant" house in the neighborhood and the rest.

A little further on, a man and his wife were digging potatoes in a field very small and bad; he had a bit of vineyard "up there," he said, "in all about three acres; many had only two, or even less," equal to a good English allotment; "and there are more who have the little than the large ones, *allez!*" "But a family cannot live on that?" "Oh no, they go out for hire, down into Aix in the season. It is a hard life!" "And what do they do in the winter?" "*They suffer*," said he emphatically. "C'est un pays de dur tra-

vail. *allez!* Dans la plaine on va droit devant soi; mais ici!" Again, the rocks were only impediments and mistakes. There is little work for hire to be had in the country, because each man works his own little plot.

I sat by an intelligent middle-class Frenchman at the table d'hôte, who knew the country well. He gave very much such an account of their agricultural difficulties as we should do in England. The wheat, cheese, and pork are undersold by American produce, the "*déplacements d'industrie et de commerce*," occasioned by arrivals from the New World, unhinge everything. I told how we had heard from a German grand seigneur that his fine Saxony wools were ruined by the produce of Australian sheep, which was not nearly so good, but was preferred by the manufacturers of cheap wares, and of the distress thus caused in Germany. My neighbor said that the dislocation of trade was, he believed, now universal; probably as population increased in America, and the cost of production with it, an equilibrium would be found, but there will be much distress in Europe first. There are other very serious dangers in France. The phylloxera is very bad and widespread, and no cure has yet been found against this almost microscopic insect, but to plant the American vine, whose bark is tougher and cannot be gnawed away; but two or three years must go by before the plants will bear, and how can the small cultivator wait so long? Then, the silk industry has quite died out with the disease in the worms, and Lyons is using Chinese and Japanese silk as cheaper. Also, in the south, whole districts had depended on the cultivation of the *garance*, used among other things as a dye for the red trousers of the French soldier. Now gas tar dyes had taken its place, and the farmers growing madder were ruined. France is so large, and her productions so various, that no one hears much, *à l'étranger*, of all this, but the distress was very real. The education given in the schools was very bad: reading and writing alone is not education, and the books the people read (when they read at all, which is not the case with the peasants) are bad, and the papers worse; the *feuilletons* of the cheap press are simply disgraceful. We heard this from many others, and the names of the books we saw at the stations bore it out. And the list was nearly the same at the Amiens bookstall in the north as it had been at Aix in the far south. Advertisements

of "*La Châte d'un Prêtre*," roman feuilleton, covered the walls of Paris.

In the curious old town hall there is a very good collection of remains of the prehistoric lake villages, built on piles in the Lac de Bourget; and dredged up when the water is low. The food, the weapons, the ornaments of the ancient race, and their manner of life, can be, to a great extent, traced out. Different kinds of grain, very small and poor, wild fruits, crabs and plums; the bones of wolves, hares, dogs, wild boars, stags, and even of small horses; stone whorls used for spinning, like those so abundantly found by Schliemann at Troy (?); flint weapons and stone celts with their wooden handles, bracelets and necklaces of beads and stones once strung on a thread, long pins with ornamental heads, from the hair of some half-naked lake belle, and much like the flagree halos worn by Italian peasants, have been discovered. Even bits of coarsely woven linen and of grass matting, somewhat like the African, have been preserved in the useful mud. Most of the things seem to have dropped tranquilly to the bottom of the lake, but occasionally there must have been a catastrophe, and the little city of refuge was perhaps taken, at all events it was burnt, for all the objects found are charred, and even the piles on which the wigwams were built — which were probably round, like the Malay huts — show signs of fire.

I asked Sir A. Cavanagh, who had been governor of the straits settlements at Singapore, about the Malay villages, which are built in the same way far out into the water, for safety from enemies. He said that as these are on creeks of the sea, where the tide rises ten or twelve feet, they are even more difficult to construct than on the peaceful French or Swiss lakes. The floors are of split bamboo, with interstices about an inch wide, so that the inmates can sweep out all dirt into the water without trouble. And if this were the case with the prehistoric lake men, as is probable, it would account for the great number of (to them) valuable articles which had been lost, and are found so opportunely by us as to enable us to reconstruct once more that far-off, old, barbaric life. In fear of wild beasts, in fear of "enemies," in fear of starvation, it must have been a somewhat dismal existence.

We drove round the head of the lake near the place where one of the villages once stood. The road ran through a marsh which, after the rain, was almost

like the lake itself. A fisherman stood up to his knees in the water the hot sun shining on his head, and a man with a gun was plunging heavily through the mud. The reeds were mown for litter, for which it is better than hay, they said. On the drier parts, the cows were standing for their afternoon outing with their feet in the water, eating rather dolefully, while their barefoot child-keepers sat on the edge of the road and squalled for sous, holding up bunches of ragwort as an excuse.

Bourget itself, the smallest and most remote of towns, possessed a fine old Benedictine monastery, and there is a beautiful carved procession, of the thirteenth century, round the apse of the old church. The relief is exceedingly high, the heads quite detached from the back; our Saviour on an ass followed by the apostles. Each face and attitude was a study of character, so individual, so living — speaking, moving, almost thinking; but no one cared for it, and a great piece has been wantonly cut away, "to make room," it was said, but for what no one could tell.

In the inner court of the monastery we found an arcade of the fourteenth century, with a still older one below, both extremely quaint and pretty, but defaced and torn down at the Revolution. The place had been bought by an old man, who took us into a nest he had fitted up for himself in the old prior's rooms, where he showed us with pride the *boiseries*, done by a local carpenter, of inlaid walnut, cherry, and ash; it was the only bit of new work we saw anywhere. The views out of the windows, looking to the Alps across a little garden full of fig-trees covered with fruit, were lovely. Below was a great refectory with an open fireplace, twenty-seven feet wide, crowned with a scutcheon, the simple stone mouldings so fine that they were a pleasure to trace: then to a tithe building where the dues, all paid in kind, were stored by the monks — into a sort of opera-box, high up in the church, where the prior "assisted" at the service without troubling himself to go there, and everywhere up and down steep twisted stone staircases, so dangerous that the monks can never have contemplated growing old. At the other end, the proprietor has fitted up a lodging for visitors out of the cells, seven *pièces* looking on a terrace into the street, where the mountains peered down above the houses with their overhanging eaves, from which hung osier baskets full of cheese, and

strings of yellow Indian corn cobs. All the women and children in the place seemed to be sitting in the dirty road, two old hags were busy turning spinning-wheels with one hand, holding a long distaff in the other; an old man was making a net. The outside staircases, the wooden balconies—all was most picturesque, but so utterly squalid and full of smells that one wondered what the "visitors" could be like who went to stay in the place.

As we returned by the beautiful shores of the lake, the extraordinary precision with which the mountains towards Chambery, on one side, and the steep promontories and precipices receding towards the open water, on the other, were mirrored, had a purity and delicate clear transparency that was quite impossible to paint, the lake in some places of an emerald green.

It is difficult to make out what is the feeling towards the religious orders at this time in France. The measures for closing their schools have been merely nominal, they have all been reopened under other lay names, and are in all other points the same as before. The great Protestant *pasteur* of Paris, M. Bersier, has expressed a general feeling, in saying: "Let us establish better schools; but it is tyranny not to allow those who please to have and to use the denominational schools existing."

The influence of the Church has apparently diminished a good deal. At Amiens we were looking at a statue of Peter the Hermit, the pedestal of which was covered with brickbats and broken bottles, evidently flung at it in scorn, and the name erased. We asked an *ouvrier* who it was. He was a stranger and did not know, but believed it was the builder of the church. "It is a monk at all events," I said. "Then he ought to be pulled down and broken up," answered he, with a scowl, clenching his fist. At Aix a workman was complaining of the sums paid to the Church: "*Cinquante-deux millions sur le budget*, and we don't want the priests." "The curés are very ill-paid and very good and useful men," I answered. "What!" he cried, "do you think it right for a woman to go to confession to a man and tell him all her husband says and does? It is abominable! The priest ferrets out all the gossip in the village and puts his nose into all our affairs, but the husbands won't allow their wives now to confess, except *quelques vieilles dévotes*, and the fathers won't even let

their daughters go, after they have made their *première communion*. For three francs, we can get a *billet* pretending to show we have been there without ever going near the altar, what do you think of that? I don't want the curé, or his teaching or his preaching." It was sad to see the true substance and the false form so inextricably mixed up in the people's minds. Religion is dying away, because, as my informant said, "on veut nous faire croire un tas de bêtises qui sont incroyables, et nous n'en voulons pas, je vous le dis tout court!" We heard that confession was nearly extinct in the north of France also.

The curé is extremely ill-paid, only nine hundred francs by the State, besides his fees, which are not high; he is hardly ever a gentleman or man of education; he generally rises from the poorest families, and only associates with the gentle-folks professionally; thus a link between the upper and the lower classes is wanting in France, such as is found in the English clergyman. There has been, except in particular instances, a great gulf fixed between the seigneurs and the peasants.* Eugénie de Guérin mentions that one day she asked an old woman to fetch soup from the château; she did not come, and when questioned, she replied that her grandchild had said, "N'y va pas, grand' mère, on t'y mangera." Happily for both, there are no such grim traditions of hostility in England between the manor-house and the cottage.

A French lady from the north of France told us of the strange jealousy of the peasants of any one higher or better off than themselves. There is little such feeling in English country life, and the "big house" and park are often regarded as the museum, entertainment ground, and convalescent home of the neighborhood (as they indeed ought to be). At a christening feast this summer at C—, nearly a thousand village folk had tea on the lawn, with football, dancing, and games of all sorts, going wherever they pleased, in and out of the hothouses, remaining until ten at night for fireworks and illuminations; yet on the next day it was found that not a border had been trampled or a flower plucked. The self-

* In the "*Récit d'une Sœur*," as a proof of her extraordinary sanctity, the angelic Alexandrine is described as visiting the sick, and teaching the children of the poor near her father-in-law's home, in the way that is done by wives and daughters of the clergyman and the squire in almost every village in England, as a matter of course, without any notice whatever being taken of it.

restraint and good feeling evinced by such care of what was trusted to them, was felt to be very gracious and most honorable to their "civilization." She replied that a similar fête had been given on the occasion of a marriage at a château near her, where the gardens had been opened, everything had been "pillé, ravagé, et saccagé: c'était comme si l'ennemi avait passé par la campagne."

Strange stories of the old nobles turn up. We saw near Chambéry the towers of a castle in the valleys leading towards the Alps, where, at the end of the sixteenth century, the seigneur of Montmayeur had a lawsuit with his neighbor of Asprémont, and the president of the court gave him hopes of success (judges were apt to give opinions off the bench in those days); but when the trial took place an important *pièce* was wanting, and Montmayeur was cast. A little time after he gave a great feast (probably prepared for his expected triumph) to the president and all the neighboring great folk. When all were assembled, suddenly the host requested the judge's presence in an inner chamber. It was hung with black, and an executioner stood in the middle, with his axe, at a block. The president was seized and his head cut off then and there. A few hours after, Montmayeur dashed into the room where the other judges belonging to the court which had offended him were sitting, threw the president's head, in a bag, upon the table, called out, "*Voilà la pièce qui vous manque!*" and, in the confusion, escaped scot-free on a horse which was waiting for him below.

Such ungovernable ruffians would go far to discredit their order, even in those rough days, and the extravagance and license of later years did not redeem their character. There has been little of what we call real country life among the French upper classes. They have generally retired there to recoup themselves for a life at Paris, and it has been considered as an exile, not a home.

The political talk we heard was that, in spite of his apparent popularity, Gambetta has been going down ever since his more than royal progress after the elections. The belief in personal government is so inveterate in France that they must always incarnate a chief to credit with good and evil fortune; none of the ministers have been sufficiently considerable for this, and the president, Grévy, is "absolument nul," therefore the issues of the Tunis war will fall on Gambetta alone.

Since the failure of the *scrutin de liste*, he has shown that he can no longer "wield at will the fierce democracy" of Paris. Said our Parisian friend, "No one knows what will come of the new ministry; the excessive change, the uncertainty, is trying and dangerous for us in trade, and in all ways; there is no stability in anything, and no one can foresee how matters will stand next year. Your institutions are better in England, *perhaps?*" Then, with some satisfaction, he went on, "But you have plenty of troubles there, too, with your great industrial populations and your Ireland! You are not on roses either!"

Next we heard that Gambetta will give anything which he believes to be asked for by the people, and that Louis Blanc is quite right in declaring that France is playing Bismarck's game, by thus risking the friendship of England and Italy and alarming Spain for such an object as Tunis.

At last our bathing purgatory came to an end, and we moved gladly on to Annecy, an old-world town, with a great castle on a rock in the very midst of the town, and curious arcades in the streets, on the borders of a lovely little lake, prettier even than that of Bourget. Here St. François de Sales, its bishop, lived and worked — one of the most "pious" and attaching of saintly men. The traces of him, however, are few; his house and the church where he was buried were destroyed in the Revolution, and his body is now set up in a glass case over the high altar, in an ugly, tawdry new church; it seemed strange that he did not rise from the dead to prevent an exhibition so contrary to his gentle, modest nature. Then we ferreted out a little old convent where he used to visit his friend and coadjutor, the Baronne de Chantal. The tiny chapel and a vine *pergola* date from their time, 1610, and its leaves are plucked by pious pilgrims in remembrance of both. To her many of the beautiful "*Lettres Spirituelles*" are addressed, which contain some of the most practically devout Christian maxims of any age. It is dismal to hear, however, that he afterwards joined in the religious persecution of the Protestants. But, after all, a good, logical Catholic must be a persecutor — it is his duty to torment unbelievers well in this world, however unwillingly; it would be a cruel kindness to spare a little pain here, according to his creed of salvation, if by any means he may save their souls in eternity.

We steamed round the lake, touching at all the little villages, with a constant coming and going of market folks. An old priest on board was very willing to talk. "The subdivision of land is excessive, and the poverty very great." "How do they live in winter?" "C'est le secret du bon Dieu, madame. There is much private charity, and some allowance from old foundations belonging to the town." A young priest did not approve of his elder being so friendly with heretics, and came constantly to persuade him to change his seat, which he objected was too "hot" or "too windy;" but in vain, the old man would not leave us.

The head of the lake, where the great mountains overlapped, with deep blue chasms on their sides, and shaggy pine woods, and long slopes clothed with brown and golden velvet fern, and brushwood in front, was very fine. The next day we drove over a Col into the beautiful valleys leading to the Arve and Chamounix. The extreme fertility of the alluvial soil at the bottom produces a rich vegetation, contrasted with the rugged mountain summits, that is most striking. The road runs through one long orchard on both sides — with great walnuts, like forest trees; pear-trees, of the height of elms, and weighed down by showers of fruit; apple-trees, so laden with red apples that they looked as if they came out of a fairy-tale; little chalets perched high up on the hillsides in the midst of patches of cultivation — most picturesque. But the population was as poor and as dirty as in the districts we had left.

The new road made by the French at enormous expense, leading only to Chamounix, was another bribe to the inhabitants; and, certainly, when one sees the extent of fair country which France gave to herself in reward for her Italian exertions, it is hardly to be wondered at that Italy refuses to be very grateful. "Was she not amply paid?"

The valley narrowed, the mountains grew steeper, as we started in the early morning after a poisonous night of smells at Sallanches. "There is Mont Blanc," cried H—; "Yes, I see some confused marks," said I. "Oh, not there! look higher," answered he. "Yes, I see a faint outline." "Higher! higher still! much higher," cried he; and there, far up in the heavens, unbelievably high, above the broad band of cloud, were the great white points and aiguilles shining in the sun, and then the interpretation of the whole of the faint, confused, cloudy indications

below breaks upon one. It was so like life.

However often one may have seen it, the sight is always like a new revelation; the excessive purity and brilliancy of the slopes of dazzling snow, with the delicate inflections of their shadows against the pale blue sky; so lonely, so still, so sharp, yet so tender, softened by the wonderful amount of atmosphere between our lower standpoint and their glorious height; so distinct and decided, yet so unreal, like the glimpse into another world high up in the heavens. Like all the greatest effects in nature and art it is perfectly incommunicable by words, or colors, or photographs, and is fresh in its novelty of beauty every time it is seen. This day, through the deep dark gorge, with mighty silver firs clinging to the almost perpendicular rocks; the Arve dashing unseen, but not unheard, below, and the lofty cloudland, with the sun on it above, the effect was *saissant*, and H—, who knows the Andes well, acknowledged that even they could hardly have looked finer. "Only an inch or two higher up on the canvas." A mere question of degree.

That curious settlement of inns and *pensions*, Chamounix, was just about to be forsaken for the winter. Our hotel, a very large and good one, would have the key turned in the door, and no more care taken of it than could be given by a woman going in once a week to open windows. "There are no thieves here, for where could they carry the plunder?" The medley population was mostly going away. The nationality of trades is a curious one; the English will be found everywhere, as engineers and grooms, the French as cooks and milliners, the Italians as confectioners and workers in plaster, and the German is "easily prince" of waiters. Indeed, to see him carrying seven plates of fish on one hand and arm, and keeping the other free for their distribution, is a splendid instance of the "prehensile powers" of the human animal! He is an original. I had "assisted" at H—'s departure for the Glacier des Bossons, and returned to the empty table for luncheon, when the waiter, who brought some salad, evidently considered it his duty to devote himself to my instruction and entertainment. He leaned his arm on the chimney-piece, and began: "I am going away in a week — this place is finished, and I think of visiting the chief cities of Europe. J'ai vingt-six ans, et c'est le moment de se perfectionner. Do not you think so, madame? I thought

of going first to London, but they say the fogs are bad there, and the climate detestable; therefore, I think I shall go to Paris." "There is much to be said against the climate there, too," observed I solemnly. "So I have heard, and also that the Germans are not so well regarded as they ought to be. I sha'n't stay there long, I dare say! Then I shall go to Berlin and Vienna and then —" But here cruel fate interfered; there was a cry from the "office" for mustard, or napkins, or some mean thing, and the Alnaschar visions of glory died away.

We climbed up the hill to look after chalets, and found an intelligent man who had been a soldier. He had been taken prisoner in 1870, and kept for ten months in Silesia. "We were very badly fed; on ne nourrit pas les cochons si mal ici." It was the old story, how "nous étions trahis, General — had a franc a head from the Prussians for our division of twenty-five thousand men; that was why we were beaten." His father had left him half the house and a little bit of land, his sister and mother lived in the other half, and wanted him to buy their share, but he would not. "A bit of land is good; but one must have a bit of money with it," he said emphatically. The money spent by visitors helped in summer, and much butter, etc., was sold to them, but there was great poverty and suffering in the outlying villages. He had two cows, in a dirty stable almost opening into his dirty room. One he was going to kill, and had bought a sheep also to kill. "Nous mangeons beaucoup de viande à Chamounix," he said, with pride. I was properly impressed; but afterwards found that they salted down the meat when snow covered the pastures, and ate it during seven or eight months, when it became as hard and tasteless as a board. It was the same custom that prevailed among our forefathers in England, even in the greatest households, before the "invention" of roots and vegetables, when skin diseases were frightfully prevalent, owing to the absence of fresh meat and green food. It was a little instance of the manner in which one should make sure that words bear the same meaning for speaker and hearer. He took for granted that meat meant salt meat, and if we had not found out the habit of the country elsewhere we should have been all astray. There was a grand view from the chalet across the valley to the great congealed torrents, like water frozen in the rush, of the glaciers of the Bossons and Taconnay,

descending from Mont Blanc, while round the house lay great rocks, covered with green and black or orange stains of lichen, which had perhaps taken one thousand years, more or less, to grow. A curious link in the upward chain of life, not inanimate as the stone they clung to, and the difference between it and the growth of a millionth part of an inch in a score of years, though scarcely perceptible, yet so infinite.

Then H — went into a little smithy to see the bells for the mountain cows forged. The tall, strong, young blacksmith told him with great pride that his handiwork was heard in all the district from Martigny to Sallanches; there were no bells there which were not made by him. Here they are flattened, with mouths contracted instead of wide, but the sound is deep and sonorous, and heard from afar. The chief cow, who "bears the (best) bell" and goes first, is proud of her honors, and will not endure to be degraded from her post.

The *rentée des vaches* was at hand. No beasts are left out for the winter, they would starve in the snow and cold; but on the morning we came away the small herdsman, sounding a great horn, was still passing up the little street collecting the goats from each house, and taking them up to the mountain pastures, and would go on till the "Saint Denis."

The hotel was full of Americans; we sat by two quick-witted, sharp men, who were swallowing their mountains, lakes, and passes hurriedly, as a duty. The clouds hitherto had prevented their seeing anything; but public opinion required that they should have gone to the different places, in name at least, before sailing for home. "Mount Blank," as they called him, was luckily visible, and they inquired after "the glazier" as if they wanted to get their windows mended. The women seem to go about in flocks and herds, sometimes six and seven together, with many *enfants terribles*. At one long table d'hôte dinner with one hundred and fifty people, we sat opposite a pretty little United States girl, about six years old, who ate straight through the eight courses, beginning with the hot soup and ending with the cold ice, cheese, and fruit. She added pickles when she could get them, and poured a flood of sauce over her plate, often taking two slices when others took one, and a double help of cream, her mother sitting placidly by and never interfering. I watched her with a sort of fascinated wonder, expecting a catastro-

phe of some kind, but the interests of truth compel me to state that she was still alive when we left the hotel, although we left her eating. At the same place three little United States boys came up suddenly to H—— after dinner and asked him how old he was; and I sat by another boy, about fourteen, at the next town, who cross-examined me for three successive dinners without intermission. "Where did we come from?" "Where were we going to?" "How long should we stay?" "Where did we live in England?" "Had we been here before?" At last he asked three questions in one, and I burst out laughing. He had not the slightest notion why, but thought he had said something very clever; he smiled in a pleased and superior manner, and went on with his catchism. The young of no other species are so unpleasant; but as there are a great number of agreeable and excellent Americans in the world, they must somehow shed this their first exceedingly obnoxious husk.

We drove rapidly down, following the Arve to the French frontier, and here saw another agricultural machine on the Swiss side, only the second since leaving England. That machines, which are the very life of agriculture in America and with us, are also occasionally to be found in France there is no doubt, but they must indeed be few, when during three weeks of very careful investigation and inquiry, after having seen the corn reaped in the north, the hay cut and carrying everywhere, and ploughing going on along the whole line of our journey, we had thus only once come across a single one. Indeed, those who have marked the size of the peasant plots must see how utterly impossible any help from machines would be. The difficulty attending the turning of even a common plough within their minute limits is so great, and so much damage is necessarily done to *le voisin*, that we were told it was only because *le voisin* does as much harm in return, that questions of compensation do not become serious. A steam plough would be like a bull in a china closet.

F. P. VERNEY.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'T."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FORTNIGHT rolled on peacefully, and to Grace pleasantly, though she began to

wonder why Maurice Balfour neither came nor wrote. Jimmy, it is true, sometimes mentioned him as a frequent and welcome visitor, and he had also transmitted messages from Maurice, who was greatly occupied with some unexpected work which he had undertaken to oblige his friend Darnell. At last, Grace announced her intention of writing to the truant herself. But Lady Elton, to whom she imparted this intention, surprised her by saying, —

"You need not, child. I wrote to him myself yesterday. I do not understand his delay. He was quite full of coming; and though this work may detain him, he ought to write — to explain. I cannot tell you how much I wish to see that boy — no, I should say young man — again. It rests me to talk to him. His repose is the quiet of strength, not of indolence. He will come to the front yet. I should like him to have a little more ambition — a little more dash — to see him advanced on his way; but my time grows short."

"Dear Lady Elton, do you not feel well? What makes you say such a thing?"

"No, child; I have long been unwell. I feel as if my heart was dead — nothing but nerves, I suppose. I cannot sleep; and sometimes I could drink the poisoned bowl with joy, if I could escape thought in no other way. I can only find oblivion by the aid of chloral and chloroform and such drugs. Society bores, and solitude appals me. A little bit of interest is such a blessed relief; that is the reason I came here. I love you, and I like your mother; but I like talking to Maurice Balfour best of all."

Grace was too much distressed by this speech to answer immediately; and before she could reply, Lady Elton turned to another subject.

Balfour's answer came as quickly as it could, and with it a letter to Grace. He deeply regretted the uncertainty of his prospects, as it necessitated his presence in London for an indefinite time, when he should so much enjoy a visit to Zittau and a peep at his old friends. Indeed he feared he must forego these pleasures altogether, as a sudden engagement might offer at any moment. But so long as he was in London, Grace might depend on his looking after Jimmy Byrne, and if there was anything else he could do, etc., etc.

It was a cruel disappointment. She did not herself know with what certainty and delight she had looked forward to his

coming. All the walks and rides she had planned—all the innocent amusements—all her projects melted away.

"Is it not too bad?" she said, the tears undisguisedly in her eyes. "It seems quite uncertain whether Maurice will come or not."

She spoke to Lady Elton, who had come in, as she often did in the forenoon, to discuss Randal's letters, or to ask Grace to help her with a passage in a German book, for she was languidly trying to recall her knowledge of the language—or to relieve herself of her own company."

"I do not think it uncertain," she replied, looking at Grace with a slight but kindly smile. "From what he says to me, I should say it is quite certain he will not come."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Frere, in a tone of surprise.

"I cannot tell, but I can make out that he has some strong, unavowed reason."

"Well," said Mrs. Frere, in a tone of common sense, "we must remember that he has nothing to depend on but his own exertions, and he cannot afford to throw away a chance."

"True, my dear Mrs. Frere; and what a horrid thing poverty is!"

"It is a great nuisance in this case," murmured Grace. "I suppose we shall never see poor Maurice again."

"Never," repeated Lady Elton musingly. "It is an appalling word." And then they went on to talk of Randal, and the favorable accounts received from him that morning.

Lady Elton was kindly and sympathetic; and while they talked of the absent boy, Grace stole away to commune with her own heart in her chamber—to fight a small battle with herself—before she rejoined her mother. It was a greater blow than she had anticipated, this letter of refusal. As to the fear of never seeing Maurice more, she did not dread it much. A species of presentiment led her to believe vaguely that their paths in life would cross again. Only just now, when spring was spreading its tender green over wood and field and garden, and she had looked forward to so much natural, healthy pleasure, it was too cruel to be so disappointed: it was an evil omen.

But, the battle fought out, she returned to the salon, and cheerfully assisted her mother to dress, in order to accompany Lady Elton in a drive to Nonnen Klunzen,—a point of view in the neighbor-

Soon Mab came in and claimed her attention. Lessons had to be looked at, for Mab had ascended to a higher class, and was consequently plunged into fresh difficulties. Then the sisters ate their early dinner together, and went for a long ramble among the nearest woods they could find. So the keen edge of disappointment was somewhat blunted, and Grace was herself again.

But the sense of regret did not leave her as soon as Grace expected. Hers was a joyous temperament that rebelled against sorrow, and struggled to reject annoyance as quickly as possible. To sit down and submit was impossible, and a grief she could not resist, could conquer only by annihilating her.

In the present case she partly relieved her feelings by writing a hearty, sisterly letter to Balfour, detailing in terse, unhesitating expressions her sincere regret at his decision; and begging him, if he thought he could prudently do so, to reconsider it. Then she found a congenial occupation in comforting Frieda, for the recusant doctor did not come at Easter. New pupils were arriving, and he must stay to assist his mother in receiving them.

Falkenberg had paid another flying visit to Zittau; appearing in Mrs. Frere's salon first on his way from the train to Dalbersdorf, and last on his way back from Dalbersdorf to the train. Lady Elton pronounced him an excellent specimen of a German officer, and a very agreeable man; in which verdict Mrs. Frere heartily coincided.

Falkenberg warmly sympathized in the regret expressed by Grace at the change in Balfour's plans. He had looked forward with so much pleasure to see his old comrade again. They had been such good friends, etc., etc.

Grace was quite pleased too with his frank, friendly manner. He had also spoken in a kindly strain of Gertrud as his Braut—the first time that Grace had heard him call her so—of his intentions of being a husband after the English model. Words which, though spoken laughingly, had in them no covert sneer.

Altogether Falkenberg was charming, and Grace in her heart accused herself of having been a conceited goose for misinterpreting the German sentimentality of his expressions towards herself; or, if they were more than friendship warranted, and at the time they certainly seemed so, his engagement to Gertrud, the con-

sciousness that he was bound to her, had operated as a wholesome alternative, and restored him to a sounder, saner condition of mind. This was a source of the purest satisfaction. Nevertheless the heaviness did not pass away, and whenever she ceased to exercise her thoughts by a positive effort of will, the dim pain shaped itself into the words, "He is not coming."

It was a bright afternoon, about a week after the receipt of Balfour's letter. Grace had coaxed Lady Elton to try the (to her) unusual experiment of a long walk. She was uneasy at the dull apathy which seemed to settle down over her friend, now that the newness of Zittau and its people began to wear off, and she was eager to counteract it.

They had been out for nearly two hours; rambling through a wood which approached the town on the north-east, gathering violets and anemones, and resting occasionally on the trunk of a prostrate tree—for Lady Elton was not equal to much fatigue—sleeplessness and unspoken regret had exhausted her force; and she had no will to resist her depression.

"I hope I have not made you do too much?" said Grace anxiously, as they approached the Hof. "Do you feel very tired?"

"No, child; no more than if I had stayed at home; and nothing does me so much good as air and the repose of nature. Your wood is very lovely, Grace; and your company is pleasant to me. I like to hear you talk and ramble from one subject to another, though I do not always know what you are talking about. Still you interest me sometimes. Do you know, dear, I wish you would come back and live in London. You are buried alive here."

"But I am very happy: so is my mother, so is Mab. Why should we change?"

"Because youth slips away so soon; and you waste it here."

"Forgive me if I cannot see that I do. I enjoy, I learn—not as much as I ought, but still I learn. And, Lady Elton, I have a little secret to tell you. I have been trying to say it all the time we have been out, but I could not. I have written a little sketch of 'Burchardswald and the Robber's Tower,' and I want you to look at it. You are such a critic. It is only just lately I have ventured to write. I have had poor Randal's example before my eyes, and I have always feared to let myself believe I could do anything. Yet if you would look at it, perhaps —"

"Yes; I will look at it, were it only to prevent your wasting your time, child. There is no more fatal will-o'-the-wisp than an unfounded belief in one's own literary power."

"I dare say I seem very conceited, dear Lady Elton. Perhaps I ought not to trouble you, but put my lucubrations behind the fire at once."

"No; do not do that. As the stuff is in existence, let me look at it. You ought to be sensible, with that head of yours. But youth is so incomprehensible in the originality of its ignorance, that it is impossible to form an idea what you have set down. Bring the MS. to-morrow, and I will give you my true opinion."

"Thanks! many—many thanks! And now I must leave you, for I promised my mother to go with her to call on Frau Ahlefeld when I returned."

"It is too late, Grace. It is nearly five. Still I will let you go. I shall lie down till dinner-time, and perhaps I may sleep. Come over in the evening. Ask Mrs. Frere to come."

Grace walked slowly on home, pondering, with a mixture of shy hope and more vivid fear, on the ordeal she had dared. Lady Elton was no ordinary critic, and it was a trial to subject her cherished MS., which was dear and sacred to her as a first love, to such discerning eyes. Still, it was worth the trial, for the chance of encouragement. The hope of earning something, by an occupation so charming, was not to be given up without an effort, even if Lady Elton pronounced her lucubrations rubbish. True, her experience with Randal had long discouraged and held her back; but since she was away from him, and amid fresh scenes, the longing to see how her thoughts and observations would look on paper was too strong for any deterrent recollections.

"And it would be so delightful to feel I was not wasting my time in writing, even if I only made enough to buy boots for Mab; she wears out such a quantity of boots."

These reflections carried her to the door of the *salon*, and were only checked by a slight feeling of surprise to hear her mother speaking to some one, as it was rather late in the day for visitors.

The evening sun sent its rays slantwise into the farthest window on the left, tinged with living gold a pretty water-colored sketch of the bay and outlying islands at Dungar—a household treasure, the work of some artist visitor in the bygone days of De Burgh glory. The fresh muslin

curtains, the vases and baskets full of violets and other spring flowers, the photographs, the open piano, Mrs. Frere's bright-colored wool-work, made a pleasant home picture of the room, while the warm, scented atmosphere struck the senses as an invisible refinement. Grace, as she opened the door, thought how she loved her home. How nice the mother looked, too: her figure was still quite pretty in her well-fitting black silk dress, lace cap, and pale blue ribbons! But who was the gentleman sitting well back in a deep armchair whom she perceived as she passed the threshold? She caught a glimpse of very dark brown hair and the end of a long moustache. Her mother exclaimed, —

"But here she is herself!" And then the gentleman started up, and coming quickly towards her, she found her hand in Maurice Balfour's before she rightly recognized him — Maurice, with more color than usual in his embrowned cheeks, and irrepressible joy rioting in his large brown eyes.

"Oh, Maurice! I am so glad to see you!" cried Grace. "You have changed your mind after all. It is quite delightful! I had planned all sorts of things, and we were terribly disappointed when your last letter came. When did you arrive?"

Thus Grace, her own eyes sparkling, her color transparently brilliant after her long walk, her whole look expressive of startled pleasure.

"About two hours ago," he returned. "I found, a day or two after I wrote, that matters were arranging themselves — that I might venture to leave and be happy. So I need not tell you how soon I packed up and started."

"Of course," said Grace, drawing a chair beside her mother. "I hope you are going to stay some time."

"Till I am called away," he replied; "probably three weeks or a month."

He then returned to his seat, and let his eyes dwell upon Grace — while she rapidly told her mother where she had been — with an absorbed intensity, that had she seen it would have rather startled her.

Then came inquiries for Jimmy, and for Randal, and a little talk about Dungar, and Mr. De Burgh, and Mrs. Frere shed a few tears; while Balfour, in his quiet, soft tones, said some warm words about the kindly hospitality of the dear old house, a passing judicious compliment to the unchanged aspect of Mrs. Frere; and

then Grace, still bright and glowing, poured forth her plans for excursions here, and picnics there — of introducing Maurice to the count and at Dalbersdorf — of an expedition to Königstein to see Wolff von Falkenberg; "And then, Maurice, we must have a ride. I suppose you have not forgotten how to ride?"

"Not quite," said Balfour. "You know in Spain and South America we nearly lived on horseback."

"Then, mother dear, don't you think we might have a ride sometimes? It is not nearly so costly to hire horses here as in England, Maurice! Perhaps Uncle Costello would lend me Novara; and we will make Frieda come. It will do her so much good."

"Yes; we must have some expeditions on horseback. Why, it would be our Dungar days come back again — eh, Grace? — something worth living for, to ride together once more?"

These last words were uttered in a low tone, as if to himself, and Mrs. Frere looked at him for a moment; but Grace, who was untying and taking off her hat, simply replied, with the heartiest agreement, —

"Yes; is it not?"

At this point of the conversation, Mab arrived from her music-lesson. A waterproof, which she had considerably outgrown, hung over her shoulders; a small and rather conical cap surmounted her small, pale face and disordered hair, out of which her big blue eyes stared at Maurice Balfour with all their might.

"Come here, Mab," cried her mother; "do you know who this is?"

"No," returned Mab decidedly, after some consideration.

"She could not recollect me," said Maurice, holding out his hand while Mab slowly drew near and put hers into it.

"This is Mr. Balfour, Mab," continued Mrs. Frere.

"Oh, so you have come after all! You don't know how angry every one was with you for not coming at once; and Wolff von Falkenberg said he supposed you had found some greater attraction in London."

"Did he?" said Balfour, looking with a smile into the little face uplifted to his.

"I did not hear him say so, Mab," said Grace.

"But I did," insisted Mab. "He said it to Lady Elton when you went to look for the railway book."

Her words gave Grace a sensation of vague annoyance, and Balfour went on, —

"You remember Dungar of course, Mabel? Do you not remember any one like me there?"

"I think," said Mab very deliberately, and gazing fixedly in his face — "I think you are the boy, the gentleman I mean, that pulled me out of the brook down by the three black rocks the day I tried to wade across in my best shoes."

"For which service you pulled my hair and slapped my face," replied Balfour, laughing. "I am glad I have still a corner in your memory. We must be good friends, Mab."

"Yes," said Mab, with some caution.

"Dear Mab, do take off that dreadful hat and cloak," said Mrs. Frere; "she is frightfully disfigured by them, Grace."

"Yes, I know I look like a ragabone child," said Mab, with a pout and a reproachful glance at Grace.

"Well," replied Grace, with a little good-humored elevation of the eyebrows, "as soon as ever we have a little more warmth and sunshine you shall have your new school-hat; but if you begin it too soon —"

"It is brown," interrupted Mab — "brown straw, with long ends of brown ribbon and a little bouquet of wild roses."

"That must be charming," said Balfour gravely.

"Mab, run away and wash your hands," said Mrs. Frere. "Maurice, you will stay and share our evening meal or tea; it is a sort of mixture here in Germany."

"Thanks, Mrs. Frere. I have dined so lately that I can only look on; but if you will let me stay I shall be very happy. Though it is so long since we met, I feel curiously at home with you."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Frere kindly.

"But, Maurice," cried Grace, turning to leave the room, "you must go and see Lady Elton; she was so disappointed about you. And I am anxious to know what you think of her — she is looking, I think, so ill."

"Yes; I will go over when I think she has dined. I am putting up at the same hotel — a curious, rambling old place."

"How nice! Then you are quite near to us," said Grace, as she left the room.

"I suppose you scarcely knew Grace when you first met?" asked Mrs. Frere, as the door closed on her daughter.

"Not at all, at first; but gradually her voice and expression and face came back to me till she seemed delightfully familiar."

"Poor, dear Grace — she is such a good girl! Of course she has not Randal's

brilliant talent; but that is not to be expected. You saw a good deal of Randal, did you not?"

"Yes; he is a nice fellow, and very bright — though he was rather out of health. This Egyptian journey will set him up."

"Heaven grant it!" said the mother with a sigh; and went on to enlarge upon his many excellences, till Grace and Mab rejoined them.

Then came more pleasant easy talk, of both past and future, thickly strewn with "Do you remember?" — a phrase so expressive of common associations — broken by the usual tea-supper, of which Balfour was persuaded to partake; and where he seemed to be so completely one of themselves, that Grace wondered to herself how she could have thought so little of him during their long separation.

"I think," she said, as they went into the salon when the evening meal was over, "Maurice ought to go and see Lady Elton. She wanted us all to go over this evening; but perhaps it would be too much for her. She might like to see Maurice alone;" she addressed her mother.

"Oh, come with me!" returned Balfour. "My stay is, after all, somewhat uncertain, and I don't want to lose a couple of hours away from you."

"I don't like going to Lady Elton," cried Mab. "I am afraid to stir or to look at the things. Her great eyes follow me about so; and I am sure she doesn't like to have me."

"You are an ungrateful little monkey," said Grace. "Lady Elton has been so kind; what beautiful books she gave you!"

"Well, I do not care for books; I am always afraid they will ask me if I have read any of them. I would rather have a new skipping-rope than all the books in Christendom."

"Really, Mab, you are a most disappointing child," cried Mrs. Frere indignantly.

"Must I go?" asked Maurice, with an imploring look in his soft, brown eyes. ("How expressive they are!" thought Grace.)

"Yes, you must," she said firmly. "Lady Elton will be sure to hear you have arrived, and will look for your visit; do go, like a good boy."

"I think," said Balfour, laughing, "you might speak more respectfully to your senior. Do you know that I am nearly seven years older than you are?"

"No; and I don't believe it. I feel so

old and experienced myself since I left Dungar, that you seem young in comparison."

Balfour smiled, but sighed too.

"At all events I will obey," he said; "and I suppose it will be too late to return this evening? It is now half past seven."

"I am afraid so," returned Mrs. Frere reluctantly. "We are obliged to be very early, on account of Mab's school."

"So I suppose I may present myself in good time to-morrow?"

"Oh, whenever you like!" said Mrs. Frere and Grace together.

"Grace," said her mother, as soon as the door had closed on their retreating guest, "he is very nice and likable; but he has evidently lived out of society. He is, in a sense, gentlemanlike; his voice is naturally sweet and refined — nothing could spoil it — and he does things quietly. There is a kindness, too, in his little attentions; but he is not conventionally well bred —"

"I know what you mean," said Grace, taking up her needlework, "but I think he is all the nicer for it. He does not put his heels together and bow every time you come near him, nor hand you your pocket-handkerchief if you drop it, with a flourish, and an air as if it were a condescension, like Wolff, but just does heartily whatever he can to help you."

"My dear, Herr von Falkenberg is a very high-bred man of the world — quite a different person; it is unjust to Maurice Balfour to compare them. You do not know life as I do."

"Certainly not; nor do we see it through the same colored glasses."

"Gracie dear, will you hear me say my poetry for to-morrow?"

"Yes, Mab; let me see how soon you can learn it."

The first month of summer dawned with true vernal freshness and sunshine, within and without, for the little English party in Bergstrasse.

The mornings went swiftly by in many occupations.

Maurice Balfour was no mean draughtsman, and gave Grace much valuable help. Then he took up German again, in which he was formerly fluent, and rapidly recalled it. He was soon in high favor with the count, and often rode out with the veteran. He was also a frequent visitor at Dalbersdorf, and on friendly though not intimate terms with several officers of Falkenberg's regiment. Still these varied demands upon his time left a large por-

tion to be bestowed on his old friends, and he became thoroughly incorporated in the quiet little circle which had welcomed him so warmly. "Will you dine at home to-day, Maurice?" was Mab's usual question. "What hour would you like tea this evening?" Mrs. Frere would ask. "Maurice, don't stay at the barracks later than four; Lady Elton wants us to drive with her to Luckendorf or Gabel," would be the injunction from Grace.

Then what rambles to sketch, to collect ferns or wild-flowers, now that the lengthening evenings permitted Mab to join in the various researches; what animated arguments and discussions arose, in which Maurice held his own and maintained his views, which were very often in opposition to his companions', with good-humored ease and yet honest conviction that almost nettled Grace!

Oh, happy, healthy days of sunny youth, when all the nobler, brighter facets of the soul grew larger and more brilliant in the genial light of sincerity and hearty sympathy! Can all the wealth and all the far-sought luxury of a pampered age equal the freshness of such restful joy?

It was a favorite excursion to drive out to Dalbersdorf in the evening, in time to lounge about the garden or wood before supper, and walk into Zittau by moonlight afterwards. Of course this could only be done under a gentleman's escort; but Mrs. Frere, with the help of her young friend Balfour's arm, had grown quite a pedestrian, and accomplished longer distances than the German mile which intervened between Dalbersdorf and Zittau.

One evening, about a fortnight after Balfour's arrival, the family gathering at the old house had been increased by the addition of Von Heldenreich and Ulrich, who had had a couple of days' leave. The supper was consequently very lively, not to say noisy.

The count and his grandson were discussing, with loud voices, the best method of receiving cavalry, while Von Heldenreich, the Verwalter, and Balfour were talking sport, when Gertrud suddenly interrupted them by addressing the latter with, —

"Herr von Falkenberg sends you his best greeting, Mr. Balfour. He comes to see us next week, and will be delighted to meet you again. You knew he was coming, meine liebe Grace."

"No; how could I? He does not write to us," said Grace bluntly.

"I thought he might have — I thought

he sometimes did," said Gertrud politely, and looking down.

"Oh, he wrote to me once when I was in England; but here, he knows we can hear all about him from you."

"He has but two months longer to pass at Königstein," said Frieda cheerfully.

"And then," added Frau Alvsleben, "there will yet be a long, and I hope fine, autumn for the *Hochzeitsreise*" (wedding tour); "a soldier's *Dienst* must come before everything—even his Braut."

"Never mind, my child," cried the count, catching the drift of the conversation; "the weary days of waiting will soon be over, and then the joyous wedding time will make us all alert. Dear friends, I drink to the gallant soldier, Wolff von Falkenberg!"

Many *Hochs* and much clinking of glasses followed, while Gertrud looked at once important and conscious.

"I trust the dear friends here assembled," said Frau Alvsleben, rather in the tone of making a speech, "will favor us with their company this day week, when my nephew Falkenberg will be with us."

Every one replied in the affirmative except Ulrich.

"Unhappy me!" he said, "I must return to Dresden and to duty; and there is my sweet cousin does not grieve the least little bit for me."

"Indeed, I am very, very sorry, Ulrich," said Grace, laughing. "Can I do nothing to soften your colonel's hard heart, that he may let you come?"

"I am afraid he is such a case-hardened old sinner that nothing would touch him."

"And I, gnädige Frau," said the Verwalter, addressing the lady of the house, "have to announce that my brother, the Herr Professor, has at last arranged for a brief holiday, and purposes to be in Zittau on Monday evening."

"Ach, Gott! I am glad to hear it! He must come also; tell him so from me, my good friend," said Frau Alvsleben heartily.

"I drink to the good and worthy Herr Professor," cried the count, again filling his glass; and the *Hochs* and clinkings were repeated, while Frieda turned so red and pale, her bosom heaving and her hands trembling, that Grace felt terrified lest she should betray herself by some open display of emotion.

"The Herr Professor is engaged, I am told, on a work of wonderful erudition," said Lieutenant von Heldenreich.

"He will be a leading mind at Leipzig," remarked the Verwalter, with the

simple, unhesitating exultation in the success of a near relative, at once touching and ludicrous, which is so often seen in Germany.

"He is a fine fellow, faith!" said the count in English, aside, to Balfour.

"And a wonderfully agreeable man for so learned a one," concluded Mrs. Frere. "Come, Grace, we must be going. We have a long walk before us."

"And a lovely young May moon to light your steps," said the count, rising to look from the window into the Hof, where the lovely light, silvering the trees beyond the gateway, and falling upon roof and gable, turned even the central dung-heap into a thing of beauty. "I will walk as far as the cross with you."

"And so will I," said Frieda; "and I—and I," added the Verwalter and Ulrich.

They were soon equipped. Frieda slipped her arm through that of Grace, and the two girls held back a little.

"Well, dearest Frieda," whispered Grace, herself blithe and light of heart, "the good news has come at last."

"Yes," returned Frieda, in the same tone, while the hand which held Grace trembled. "Whatever may be the result I shall see him again, hear his voice again—and"—she paused.

"Will find him the same as ever," put in Grace encouragingly.

"I dare not hope," sighed Frieda. "But you, dear one, you will be here and judge more clearly than I can."

"I will try, at any rate," said Grace, and there was a pause. "How exquisitely beautiful the moonlight makes everything!" resumed Grace, looking round; "even the rugged old village looks soft and lovely!"

Frieda did not answer immediately, and then after pressing her friend's arm, whispered,—

"Ach, du Liebling! all things no doubt seem fair to thee now; thy heart's wound is healed by the presence of the beloved."

"What are you talking about, Frieda?" said Grace, in genuine surprise. "I have no heart's wound to heal."

"How, my Gracechen! Did you not tell me, the first day we opened our hearts to each other, that your affections had been blighted?"

"No, no!" said Grace, half smiling, half vexed; "I never said anything half so strong. I was certainly disappointed and annoyed, and let you know it, because—oh, because I wanted, I think, to comfort you. But my affections are flourish-

ing at present, quite recovered their temporary chill; pray do not mention them again."

"Dear Grace! I always believe you; though most girls like to hide their love, you are too honest. Well, then, Herr Mr. Balfour, the friend of your youth, was not — is not the object —"

"The object of nonsense," interrupted Grace impatiently. "Really, Frieda, you are too bad. Do you think one cannot find pleasure in a man's company without being in love with him, or he with you? I am as likely to fall in love with Maurice Balfour as with the man in the moon up there; we like each other so much, so heartily as friends, that it puts anything else out of the question. Don't you see yourself that there is not one bit of a lover about Maurice — don't you?"

"Well, certainly, yes! but you English are so different from us; you are so ashamed of each other — I mean of being in love with each other. And forgive me, dearest" — Frieda was always a little afraid of Grace when she got into one of her impatient fits — "but I imagined that Mr. Balfour was an early love, and that you were separated, and —"

"Ah, Frieda, what five-storied romances you run up in a moment! Why, I was not fourteen when I saw him last — a wild, untutored child. Say no more about it."

"Certainly not, if it displeases you: but he is very nice and good-looking. I may say *that*, I suppose?"

"Yes, you may. I like my friends to be praised."

"Grace!" said the object of this discussion, turning suddenly back, as he was walking beside the count, "I forgot to tell you they have a very decent horse in the Sächsische stables, one you might ride; and the count says he will come out the day after to-morrow, if you like."

"If I like! Why it is only too delicious! Dearest uncle, where shall we go?"

"Oh, to Gross Schönaau, and drink a glass of beer at Der Schwarze Adler!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BOERS AT HOME:

JOTTINGS FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

October 1881.

I HAVE seen it said somewhere that in late events in South Africa the telegraph has much to answer for; and nothing is

more true. It is by means of the telegraph that a distant and but partially known colony has been ruled entirely from home, and its destiny altogether changed. Formerly, when we trusted to the post — our one means of communication, — the government had, perforce, to leave matters in the hands of its local agents — pro-consuls, as the daily press delights to call colonial governors — contenting itself with indicating a general line of policy, which, again, the constant progress of events might overturn. The matter was left practically in the hands of men on the spot — men chosen for conspicuous ability in colonial matters — and the plan worked sufficiently well. But with the telegraph at his elbow no minister would be justified in neglecting it, even though against his inclinations; and so a different complexion is given to the administration. The people at either end of the wire are human beings, gifted with just as much appreciation of each other's wishes or meaning as the wire is capable of expressing. We all know how much is gained by a personal interview, — how a look, a tone, a word will convey a volume. And we recognize how the difficulty of coming to an understanding is increased when the interview has to be done by letter; how much more when it is only a wire, with its necessary brevity of language and expressionless tones? It can only deal with *broad questions*; yet these are only solved by following innumerable threads, each separate and distinct, with no apparent bearing on the question at issue, but all converging in the end, and knitting together into the one *broad* question they help to elucidate.

And so when I read Mr. Gladstone's exordiums on the Boer character, or Lord Kimberley's assertions about the bright flame of their undoubted patriotism, I can confidently attribute much in these statements that is at variance with living facts to the telegraph.

The loyal Boers lately have had a bad time of it. Their representatives were chosen not wisely, and their views did not fall in with those of the Cabinet. They said too much, and did not say enough. An unfortunate use of the awful term "slave" made them fresh and implacable enemies. They only represented those Englishmen who live in the towns, and make money — the faster the better. The popular idea of a loyal Boer is that he is a man living on a farm, making a livelihood, and looking to England as his mother country. And such Boers

there are — Boers bred and born in the Transvaal; men who look upon the abandonment of their country by Britain with dismay, and dread what the future has in store for it and them. Leaving out the towns, which would all have preferred the continuance of British rule, I am certain that fully a half of the Boers proper are loyal, and would welcome a return to our government. These are the men who can read and write, who travel occasionally, improve their farms, and look to English capital to make their produce salable. These men say, "We don't want the English to leave the country; we want their money. How can we sell our mealies and forage when the soldiers are gone? You give eighteenpence a bundle for forage; when you are gone it will sell for threepence." They do not make any sentimental grievance out of it, they simply tell you the truth. They want English money, and English money won't come without English soldiers and settlers. It has been urged as a plea against these loyal Boers that when the rebellion broke out they did not take up arms on our side — the side of their own interests, and endeavor to defeat that which they considered was ruin in prospect. But here again they were only consistent. In them was no sentiment; they wanted to make money and enjoy it. There were soldiers paid to fight, and England had lots of them; let them do the work, and they would pay for it, and still follow their own inclinations.

Then say those against the loyal Boers, "Quite so; we admit all that, and say that such mercenary creatures are not fit to hold the Transvaal in the face of the real patriots who were ready to fight for their independence, and whose cry was reiterated until it gained its fullest end — not an inch of our country to be given up."

But who is the Boer patriot, and what is his idea of independence?

In the ordinary Boer it means to be left alone; to squat on his farm as his father squatted before him; to raise enough stock and produce to make *bitlong* of; to buy coffee, sugar and flour, powder and lead with which to kill the buck which he lives on, with balance enough for a trip every three months with his family to the nearest town, where he can attend *nachtmaal*, christen his children, marry his eldest daughter, and see his wife set herself up in cheap finery: while he can chew Scotch sweets by the pound, and get maudlin over "French" in the even-

ing. More than this he does not want; least of all does he wish for the tax-collector. Why, indeed, pay taxes at all? He only wants to be left alone on his farm, ten miles from the next house, and surrounded by the filth of a generation. He does not want soldiers or officials; public education can be paid for by those who want it; if he requires justice, he can inspan his wagon and *trek* to the nearest landdrost, where he will get it by paying for it. So for his church; he pays the minister when he goes there. There is no road-making to be done, for there are no roads; taxes are not wanted for that, — so why not leave him alone in his independence?

Now taxes regularly collected are maintained by sound political economists to be the backbone of all British greatness; and in no way did Sir Owen Lanyon show himself such a trustworthy colonial official as by his prompt and impartial tax-gathering. Current taxes were assessed and paid, while those long arrears which the Boers considered their independence had not permitted them to pay, were called in. One particularly obnoxious tax — the railway tax — appeared on each taxing paper, in beautiful type, and had to be paid with the rest. It was intended to meet the cost of construction of the railway from Delagoa Bay. A quantity of material was landed there, English surveyors marked out the line, and the Boers saw not so far off the time when they could send their wool to a nearer market than Natal, and buy "square-face" at half its present price. Accordingly, for the first year or so the railway tax was paid; but the railway did not come, though the tax had been collected. The rails lay rusting on the beach, the surveyors returned home, yet still the tax was collected. Worse than all, no one knew where the money went; it was not even shown as a constantly increasing asset, out of which one day the railway and cheap "square-face" would arrive. It simply disappeared. So in this way taxes were more objectionable than ever to the independent Boer.

And now stepped in the ever-ready patriot with his cry of redress of grievances, remission of taxation, and general independence of the Transvaal. He was a sharp fellow, better educated than his fellow-Boers. He had been to England; he could read books other than the Bible; he had a newspaper which sympathized with him in Natal, because it paid the proprietor; above all, he was well off.

Before the annexation he had been a big man; the landdrosts were his friends; justice was for him and him only; he increased in wealth; his farms multiplied; his neighbors, always remaining poor, were available to work upon them; natives could be got somehow, anyhow. Then came the annexation, and our patriot found all these things changed.

His property was rigidly assessed and taxes demanded. Landdrosts responsible to another power were instated. Labor became scarcer, and had to be paid for, and then the natives came in not so fast as he wanted them. Worse than all, the poorer Boers, his neighbors, began to profit by the general prosperity, and were likely soon to be as well off as he was. So he started the cry of independence, "Africa for the Afriander," translating the words to suit the wishes of the class he knew would catch at it; and the result is the patriot Boer of to-day. Much of this might have been checked at the outset. There are plenty of intelligent Boers in the Transvaal, but they were rarely consulted or allowed the gift of speech.

To begin with, the annexation was a little forced; that is admitted by nearly all. Moreover, the promises made by Sir Theophilus Shepstone — and I am sure, from my knowledge of his character, intended by him to be strictly carried out — had to be put on one side, perhaps because they were found impracticable: and in place of the National Volksraad, which the people had counted on, and which would have been the natural safety-valve of their discontent, a semi-military government was set up, and a sham assembly opened. To this Dutchmen were invited, and some came; but the comers happened to be those in ill odor with their countrymen, who thought they had better have kept away.

A tale has been told me of this assembly when it commenced its sittings, and the Transvaal was open-mouthed in expectancy for the good things promised. The first measure, at least, would be in the direction of the people's wishes, a National Volksraad, some information about the objectionable taxation, or a decision limiting the embargo on guns and powder. So the *Gazette* was eagerly purchased, and speculations freely indulged in as to the momentous questions already settled by the infant assembly. The paper came out, and those who had spent their money on its purchase found that the first measure passed by the Transvaal council was one prohibiting the

destruction of fish in the rivers by dynamite. The story may be true or not, but it is believed by the Boers, and shows how popular currents then flowed.

Sir Owen Lanyon, who followed Sir Theophilus Shepstone, proved a most unfortunate selection; exactly the man to rub up the Boers the wrong way, and that with no wish on his part, but with the desire to do all he could for them compatible with his duty. To begin with he was a soldier; and to a Boer, a *rooi batsee* is the incarnation of all that is bad in the English government. He belonged to a West India regiment, and the cleverer Boers were not slow in finding out that these are black regiments. To associate or have anything to do with blacks, except to make them work, or *sjambok* them if they don't work hard, is an unpardonable crime in a Boer's eyes. Worse than all, the governor was a man of a swarthy complexion, and they at once started the idea that he was of black descent himself; carrying their hatred of the race to such a height, that I am told a Boer one day said to him to his face that he would not be ruled by a black man. Of course the idea was utterly false, the governor being as pure-bred an Irishman as any other; but it was spread about, notwithstanding, and did much harm to him and his government.

Turning to smaller things — those tiny threads out of which *broad questions* are spun — postage in the Transvaal was far higher than in Natal — immensely so if the letter had to go in or out of it. The country was not poor, and the small extra amount collected materially checked intercourse. Anywhere in Natal a penny takes a letter, yet if it crossed the Transvaal border it paid fourpence. Shortly before the country was given back, I sent a watch up to a friend in the Transvaal, and on taking it to the postoffice at Maritzburg to be stamped and registered, was told by the clerk the charge was 1s. 6d., which I was about to pay when another man took up the parcel, saying, "Heidelberg! oh, that's in the Transvaal;" and on its being reweighed I had to pay 5s. 8d. instead of the previous Natal rate. A telegram costing about 1s. 6d. in Natal is charged 6s. when started across the border: no wonder that such necessities of modern life were almost confined to commercial dealings in the Transvaal.

The reason why the Boers were so ready to believe all that the so-called patriots told them was, that they thought

that our government had deceived them so often, that they had ceased to believe in its promises any longer. The now celebrated Mid-Lothian speeches are known by heart to every Boer about. The Free State newspapers of that date published them, and such literature circulates through the Dutch-speaking population of the Transvaal. They will tell you to a man that they read them, and saw that when Mr. Gladstone came into power again, they would receive all they asked for. He did come into power, and in the speech from the throne gave the expectant Boers a terrible rebuff, and this was at once scored against the English as only a direct instance of promise-breaking aptitude.

During the whole of our rule we have legislated too much for the towns. The towns are nearer at hand; they are much more easily managed; they paid the bulk of the taxes willingly, if not eagerly, and they were filled with men and women, at least English-speaking, sociable, companionable, and clean. We know that these populations formed a large proportion of the whole; and the governor seeing this proportion contented, making money, and rapidly increasing, read in it the proof of the country's contentment.

The Boers coming into town to purchase supplies or sell produce, were roughly-dressed fellows, with shaggy beards, and not over-clean hands or faces. Their fancy consisted of a little business, in which the storekeeper generally had the best of it; a bottle or two of Aberdeen sweets; and as much liquor as they could put away. Was it any wonder that the spruce storekeeper treated them with off-hand superiority as an inferior race, and shouted out bad Dutch, with a Cockney accent, in harsh and irritating tones, sending the old Boer, out for a holiday, back to his home with the impression that English people were not as nice as they ought to be? I have seen a most respectable Boer come into a store and play with a sixpenny Jack-in-the-box for half an hour, with a childish expression of delight on his fine old face. Do you wonder at the shop-boy thinking that the education gained at the Clapham Commercial Academy has made him a better man than this grey-headed patriarch?

The word suggests the want which we did not satisfy when we annexed the Transvaal. It wanted a patriarchal government. Mr. Brand, who rules the Free State close by, is a thorough patriarch, and rules it well. If we had put in a Mr.

Brand, instead of the spick-and-span, highly polished English government which we did put in, the Transvaal would be to-day a contented English colony.

Look at the work of everyday life as seen when the British and the Boer are travelling, and read between the lines what it teaches. The Englishman has to commit himself to the post-cart, in which he jolts for two or three days in company with the black driver, and four other people, clean or unclean as they may happen to be. He has to put up for meals and sleeping-room at the miserable taverns along the road, sharing his bedroom with his fellow-passengers, eating greasy meat and greasier puddings, drinking beer or spirits at exorbitant prices, and thinking himself lucky to get a seat at all. Or he may drive his "spider" up the road, getting rid of his travelling acquaintances by day, but, perforce, sharing the canteen bedroom at nights, paying again through the nose for his horse's keep. Or he can saddle up and ride through with no luggage at all, still weighted with the horrors of the wayside drinking-shop.

The Dutchman, on the contrary, spans his sixteen or eighteen oxen at daylight, packs his wife and children under the tilt which covers the hind part of his wagon, takes a son or more to drive half-a-dozen horses alongside, gets up in front himself with a long whip, gives the word to the black *forelooper*, and away creaks the wagon. Madam works, the children play or go to sleep, and the Boer smokes and cracks his whip. There are buck along the road, and now and again he gets down from his perch, and goes after them with his rifle, bringing in as many as he wants for the day's food. Ten miles or more, and the morning sun grows hot, so he chooses the first running water, outspans the oxen, lifts Mrs. Boer down from behind, and goes off to have a wash. The Kaffir boys collect dry cowdung, almost the only fuel of the country; Mrs. B. pulls out the Kaffir pot—just such another iron affair as we see stirred round by the witches in "Macbeth"—cuts up the vension, throws in a handful of beans, and sets it on the fire to stew. The invariable coffee-pot is filled and made to boil, and in the fresh air of the *veldt* the whole family sit down to breakfast. The Kaffirs finish what is left, or make their own *skoff* from mealie-meal; and all loll about again—some to shoot, some to wash clothes, some to sleep. Then, when the afternoon is come, the oxen are driven in after a good, free feed

of grass, the wagon is packed, Mynheer sits down again on the box, the horses are collected, and the family once more set out on the trek. Evening follows with a fresh outspan by a handy *spruit*, a second meal, more coffee, and general bed. Some twenty-five miles have been done, and will be done in the same easy, patriarchal way till the journey is finished. Now, with this one instance of the difference in habits between English and Boers, is it fair to try, as we have done, to consider them as the same people, or to expect that laws under which the English lived and were contented would equally satisfy the Boers? True, we adopted their own written law, the Roman-Dutch — it is not that they objected to; it was to the system which we set up to carry out that law.

I have said that, in the eyes of a Boer, a soldier is the incarnation of all that is bad in imperialism; and, putting sentiment aside, the acts of some of our soldiers in the Transvaal have not lessened the impression. Excuses can be made: it is a wild, rough life; detachments were numerous, and in many of them the men were under the control of very young officers — sometimes without control altogether. There are no amusements in the country, and the only way a man can spend his money is by frequenting the canteens. The work lately has been hard, very hard and incessant; while few of the men in the regiments which lately occupied the Transvaal had any love to lose over the Boers.

There was a memorable controversy last year in the *Daily Telegraph* between Dr. Russell and a noted general on this subject; and the charges then made — whether proved or not — are very much believed in the Transvaal as well as in Natal. Here is one instance told me by the officer concerned, and not by Dr. Russell.

The Boers living on the "high veldt" have to trek every winter to the lower country to find grass for their cattle, deserting their houses until their return in spring. There are no thieves outside the towns; and houses are so scattered that there is little chance of their being molested. A sergeant marching with a small party of men along a by-road, came upon one of these empty houses, and finding the door open, took up his quarters there for the night. The men broke down some window-framing for their fire, and left the next morning without a word being known about it. The officer in charge

of the station some twenty miles off went out shooting in that direction, and finding the house open, and somewhat pulled about, went in and lived there during his trip. Shortly after his return, a friend coming that way, he took him out for a shooting excursion, putting up in the same deserted house, and leaving the servants to cook the dinner and make up the beds. They were some miles away enjoying the sport when a young Dutchman rode up furiously and began gesticulating, evidently telling the sportsmen that they must come back. Seeing something wrong was up, they galloped back, and found the wagon of the owner of the house at the door, the Boer and his *wrow* vociferating as angrily as the son, and a group of small children behind joining in the chorus. The two soldier-servants were safely locked up in the kitchen. The old Boer pointed to his window-frames and doors which had been used as firewood, to the beds laid down in his parlor, and to the general destruction of his house and property. It was an awkward position. Our men were clearly in the wrong; yet no one could talk Dutch; so there was nothing for it but to bolt. The soldiers were let out under protestations, the oxen inspanned, and the officers rode off; the young Boer trying to stop them with much display, until he was tumbled off his horse, the whole family crying out that he was murdered by the *dom rooi batzees*. In the end the matter was settled by a sum paid down, but the feeling against redcoats naturally remains.

Another thing Boers think a great deal of is the preservation of game on their farms. They live upon buck, and consider them private property. Birds sportsmen can shoot to any extent; but the farmer expects, and quite rightly, to be asked permission before they trespass on his land after buck. Yet this permission was by no means always asked, partly from ignorance, and partly from the idea that the whole country was free — a feeling certainly borne out by its features. There are no hedges or ditches, only rolling plains whichever way the eye turns, and houses only at long intervals. Yet to the Boer the boundaries of his farm are as well defined as if marked by a regular fence.

A striking instance of English ignorance of the Boer is to be seen in the illustrated papers issued during the late war. There the Boer is represented as a man of enormous size, his forbidding face

surrounded by a shaggy beard, his head in the biggest of wideawake hats, over his shoulder the bandoleer of cartridges, — as good an average ruffian as the artist could devise. One picture showed our picket attacked by Boers, one of these firing at our men — running away of course — with a revolver. I never saw a revolver in any ordinary Boer's hand; had he such a weapon I am quite sure he would not fire it from horseback. Another illustration of the Boer method of fighting showed a dozen of them lying down under the crest of a hill taking aim at the soldiers below, each Boer holding his horse by the bridle, the animals forming excellent targets for the soldiers below. Now a Boer thinks more of his horse than himself, and would never dream of bringing him up into the fire. The horses have been taught to stand without any one holding them, and are left under cover well in rear. Another introduced us to a Boer family sitting down to a meal, the Kaffirs of the establishment seated at the table with the rest; an incident that happened only in the artist's imagination, as no Boer would sit down with his Kaffir to a meal on any consideration, not to mention the misery which a table and a knife and fork would entail on the misplaced native.

As for the truculent ruffian spoken of already, your Boer might pass any day for a small English farmer, perhaps a bit more untidy about the beard, not unlikely evincing a stronger dislike to the wash-tub in more senses than one. The superior class are just substantial gentlemen farmers, while many of them are strikingly handsome. They are a tall race, six-feet-four being a common stature, and differ from English of the same class only in dress — corduroy suits of hideous shades of brown and yellow being worn almost without exception. Pretorius, who commanded the investing force round Pretoria, is a very handsome man. Joubert has a hard-lined, clever face, not altogether unpleasant. Kruger seems a cross between a butcher and a Methodist parson.

The strangest-looking among them come from the wild parts of the country away north — Leerost, Zoutspanberg, and so on — wild, unkempt men; the younger lads much addicted to wearing their greasy yellow hair quite long and straight down their backs, giving themselves a most uninviting appearance. They are to the ordinary Boer what the "Arry" of the music halls is to the Englishman.

Of the ladies I cannot say very much. They dress abominably, generally affect a cotton sun-bonnet such as haymakers wear at home, do their hair anyhow, and often swathe up their faces in towelling to preserve their complexions from the sun. They were amongst our bitterest enemies during the war; and many tales are told of the way in which they incited their more peaceably inclined husbands to go out and fight.

The Boers are a cruel set, selfish and obstinate to a degree. Lying has been taught them as a useful accomplishment, and to overreach their neighbor by a lie is considered a trait that does credit to their genius. Honor, as understood amongst Europeans, is entirely absent from their natures. Their late conduct in giving succor to the wounded, and so on, was by no means universal, and was done through the influence of their leaders, who were sharp enough to see that a repetition of Bronker's Spruit, or the horrible murders further up the country, would fatally damage themselves.

It happened that I was lying dangerously hurt in the house of the leading storekeeper in a town far up in the Transvaal, about the end of 1879, when every day the Boers were expected to rise and attack the town. A *langer* of some hundreds of them was known to be not far off, and it was only the presence of a small body of dragoons and infantry that prevented them from breaking out. Things were in this critical state when, long after midnight, the storekeeper was knocked up by two old Boers, who told him that the town was to be attacked on the morrow, but that no harm would happen to him if he shut his doors and kept close. But they added, "That wounded rooi batzee who is here, you must leave his door open, as we intend to kill him;" and on my friend remonstrating and asking why they intended to do so cruel a deed on an invalid, they said, with a grin, "Ah, that's just it; and we shall kill the d——d rooi batzee easily, because he can't resist."

Many of them have assured me that, had they been beaten at Laing's Nek, they intended to go through the country and kill every Englishman they could find; while an officer who took up supplies to one of the garrisons during the armistice was told that if peace was not signed they should begin by killing him, although at the time he was unarmed and under their own safe-conduct.

Their power of brag is astounding

When the war was on the point of breaking out, a lot of Boers at the town of Standerton were bragging loudly that they intended to take the place very shortly; on which a man asked how they would manage about the soldiers who were in camp close by. "Oh," cried the Boers, "we don't care for them; we shall sling our rifles over our shoulders and sjambok the dom rooi batzees out of the town." Yet the little garrison of some three hundred men managed to keep out a thousand or more of these big men for three months, do what they could to get in.

I was in another town while the election of a member for the new Volksraad was proceeding, and, meeting some of the Boers who had just voted coming out of the court-house, one stepped up to me, evidently the worse for liquor, and began to brag. "I'm a Dutchman, I am; you're an Englishman, you are, d—n you. I like your government; but you English, I hate the whole of you," following his words with a hiccup and a fresh volley of oaths. A few quiet words, and a look straight into his face, soon took all but the liquor out of him, and he stumbled on and away. I was told afterwards he was one of the worst of those living near, and I can quite believe it.

The Boers cannot endure law or order unless it suits them; so we heard at once when the triumvirate had appointed new landdrosts to Potchefstroom and Wakkerstroom, that the Boers there had refused to accept them, electing men themselves, — and this is an occurrence which had frequently happened before the annexation. The man just appointed landdrost at Wakkerstroom held a similar post under the old Boer government, and was once sent by them as landdrost to Lee-rost. On his arrival there, some four hundred Boers held a meeting, and sent him a letter in which he was told in impertinent language to leave at once. This was brought by a young Boer, and handed to him in a most insolent manner. The landdrost put the letter in his pocket, saying he would answer it when it suited him, as now it was his own property and he could do as he liked with it. This cool behavior sent the Boer away, and he presently returned with a civil message that he would wait till it suited the landdrost to reply. The answer not suiting the Boers, they set a watch on the office, and the first time the landdrost showed outside, took him by force to the outskirts of the town and left him, with threats against his life if he returned;

and as he was only one against so many, he had to submit.

The way in which of late the most sacred names have been used, is another example of what we may call absence of honorable feeling on the part of the Boers. I have little hesitation in saying the use of those names has been made merely as claptrap. It was known to the leaders that a large section of the English world would be taken by the sound; it was a useful card to play, and finding it succeed, they repeated it until they nearly overdid it. I have heard, with inexpressible disgust, at a hotel where I was dining at the same table as Joubert, when the conversation turned as usual on the war, Joubert got up and give a long account of his doings, emphasizing each point with the name of God in a tone both greasy and aggressive. But among the Boers themselves I have never heard the word mentioned except in its proper place.

Religion of a sort the Boers possess; all that is religion outwardly they excel in. They never sit down to a meal without saying grace; but watch the old Boer who says it. He is in the middle of a long chat about his latest dodge to take in a neighbor; all at once he sees every one at table has finished. Without taking breath, up go his hands as when a bishop bestows his blessing, and he says grace in a fairly reverent tone, going on with his description of the swindle when the last word of the prayer is hardly out of his mouth, just as if it formed a continuation of the grace.

Most of the faults of the ordinary Boer character may be attributed to his ignorance. He is born and bred in a country without roads, without schools, without books, almost without neighbors; even if he had any, his work is sufficiently absorbing to leave him no time for their society. So in place of cleverness we find sharpness — an idea that every one is doing their best to overreach him, so he must protect himself by overreaching others. He means no ill by this — it is as he has learned it from his father before him; it did for him, and must serve its turn with the son. Evidences of his ignorance of the ways of the world are everywhere.

There is no man he has greater reverence for than a doctor, yet those in the Transvaal are mostly unqualified practitioners, or quacks of the most audacious kind. But he will drive miles to fetch one of those fellows, and hand over the

fee with a groan, without a thought of disputing it. The rapacity of these practitioners is incredible. Not many months ago, a Boer living on the high-road to Pretoria called in a local doctor to assist at the confinement of his wife. Everything passed off quite satisfactorily, the baby was born, and the doctor asked as his fee £150, and got it. As the Boer said, "it was a very dear baby." And this man had only driven some eight miles to the farm.

A more amusing incident happened when another doctor was called upon by a Boer, with an urgent request that he would come out to his farm to attend a sick man.

"How far is the farm?" asked the medical man.

"About twenty miles."

"Twenty miles—twenty pounds. A pound a mile." To which the Boer agreed, and went away to fetch his "spider." On returning, he found his friend a little the worse for liquor, but thinking the effects would soon pass off, he took him up and they drove away. After going some few hundred yards, the doctor laid his hands on the reins, stretching one out, and hiccuping,—

"One mile—one pound."

The Boer, willing to humor him, gave him a sovereign, and drove on again; but before half the previous distance was done, the trap was again stopped, and the hand poked out under the driver's nose—

"Two miles—two pounds." This was too much for even a Boer, and he turned and drove back, doing as best he could without advice.

I know a third case, where a doctor attending a patient called at the house nineteen times in one day, asking for his fee at each visit, and managing the business by calling at the front door, leaving through the kitchen, and going round to the front again. But then he was a bit drunk too.

The fees are given in written promises to pay, called "good-fors," as Boers seldom keep sums of money in their houses; and these "good-fors" are readily taken at any store where the Boer is in the habit of trading, the storekeeper knowing that they will be taken up when the man comes in to sell his produce.

These storekeepers lead a strange, wild life, in the out-of-the-way places they live at. Seldom hearing English spoken, they get into Dutch habits, and almost outdo the Boers in cunning and sharpness. The principal article the Boer brings for sale

is wool, and he is sharp enough to know that the current price is noted in the papers; so he brings one with him and demands the prices per pound there printed. The list may be weeks old, but he sticks out for the prices in it and no other. Sometimes these are on the side of the storekeeper; but when they are not, as was explained to me by the purchaser, "why, we only put the extra price on to the goods he buys." Half the price of the wool is paid in sovereigns, and half in goods bought at the buyer's store; the transaction seldom varies.

Another source of trouble to the Boer is a race of small lawyers' agents stuck about the country. They are not lawyers, but clerks who have picked up a smattering of law in an office, and then go out on their own account, acting as jackals to the town office, and as often as not picking up jobs for themselves. These men have to live, and do so by getting up all sorts of small cases, swearing affidavits, and so frightening the old Boers into paying up rather than risk the dreaded uncertainty of a law case.

Most Boers have two farms, one on the high veldt for summer use, the other in the lower country for winter feeding. These low-lying farms are situated in what is called the bush veldt, and supply grass for the cattle when frost and snow have killed it off in the higher lands. Natives abound in the neighborhood of these bush-veldt farms; the grazing-ground is often their property, and black-mail is paid them for its use. As often as not these farms consist only of grass-lands; little or no cultivation goes on; houses are rarely met with. About the end of April, the Boers who have been living on their farms on the high veldt, pack their wagons, shut up their houses, and trek with their families and stock to the bush veldt. There tents are pitched—often a couple of wagons drawn up parallel to each other are covered in with a sail-cloth, and form the family dwelling, and the pleasant picnic begins. The weather is glorious, rain is unknown; there is little work to do other than herding the cattle, and that can be done by the farmer's children or Kaffir boys; game can be had at the tent door: it is a real picnic, lasting till the rains set in towards the end of September, and cover high land and low alike with green. Then the wagons are repacked, the oxen unspanned, and the old home on the high veldt once more inhabited. The consequence of this annual migration is, that

as long as it lasts, the country is at rest; agitators have to go like the rest; the Boers are scattered far and wide, engaged in looking after their stock, living in the midst of Kafir tribes, and it is just as well to let them alone and keep about their own tents. They have no time for politics; mass meetings will do when they get back to their own houses in the neighborhood of the recognized centres of agitation; more than all, politics will spoil the holiday which every one is determined to enjoy; so the country is at rest.

And this well-known peculiarity of the Boers has led, possibly intentionally, to the circulation of the report that the country was rapidly settling down, that the ferment and agitation of the past six months had died out, and that contentment was spreading right and left. Every year these reports have been put forth, probably sent home, and the public mind set at ease by the assurances of those who were in a position to know how matters progressed. The calm that followed the late storm was due entirely to this absence in the bush veldt, and not to any particular contentment with the terms of the Convention, or the labors of the Royal Commission. I am sure that, before these pages will be read, the noisy politics in vogue amongst the Boers last March will be resumed. Whispers already increase. No one will accept the Convention except as far as it falls in with his own interests. Resolutions against the payment of the indemnity are loudly expressed; "The Volksraad may ratify it, but we won't pay." "We have beaten the English," they say; "it is the English must pay us, not we them."

The wife of a leading Boer goes into an English store in Pretoria and chooses an armful of goods, which she walks off with, saying, "My husband beat the English in the war, and this is my share of what you've got to pay as beaten people."

Say others: "What! agree to the Convention—to a set of rules binding us like slaves in Russia! Never! We fought you once and beat you, and we will fight you again rather than do it."

The point contained in the reply of the Royal Commission to the natives, who asked to be told if it was true what the Boers said, that they had beaten the English, and were answered that we had not been beaten, only a few small, outlying bodies of men having been engaged, was too subtle for the native mind, or for the Boer mind either. To both of them, to

the latter especially, the fact remains that we chose to attack them on three occasions, picking our own time, and bringing with us as many men as, for all they knew to the contrary, we considered sufficient, and on each occasion were defeated and driven back with comparative ease. We told them that these were but attacks by small bodies of men; that close at hand we had enough to wipe the Boers out of the Transvaal; but we made peace instead. Why didn't we wipe them out? Because we couldn't. Why did we make peace? Because we should have been beaten again if we had not. And this is the firm belief of ninety-nine of every hundred Boers, not in the Transvaal only, but in the Free State and the old colony. Mr. Gladstone may put it down to his newly coined word, "blood-guiltiness;" but the Boer is a man brought up in a practical school, and he looks to common sense. No wonder, then, that he does not see his way to paying anything like an indemnity. The feeling that they have beaten us is universal, and expressed in so unmistakably an offensive and contemptuous manner, that it is hard for Englishmen to listen to it without resentment. There was a great deal of truth in Sir Theophilus Shepstone's saying that the Boers had been chaffed into fighting. They had been so twitted about their cowardice, that when they found out they were not the cowards they had been told they were, they lost their heads, and were ready, as the Americans say, "to whop creation."

In ordinary wars, when peace has been declared, the two combatants become the best friends; brave men are proud to shake hands with brave men who had lately been their bitterest enemies. In the Crimea, I remember that the occasion of an armistice for a few hours to bury the dead was eagerly looked forward to. Out came the grey-coated Russians from their lines, mixing with our redcoats, exchanging bits of food, their only word in common the universal "Johnny;" while our officers found in the Russians highly educated gentlemen, speaking our language fluently, and only leaving for their works with profound regrets, and much hand-shaking and hat-raising.

In the Transvaal a Boer meets the English soldier with an imprecation, and a scathing sentence in Dutch to the effect that he is a d—d rooi batzee, whom he has licked.

What said an educated Boer, one of their generals, who went to Potchefstroom

with the second garrison as guide, or hostage, or what not? An English farmer asked him, on meeting him along the road, why the troops were going back to the town. "To pick up their lost honor!" was the answer of this admirable Boer, who a few months previously had been commandant of the force against one of the beleaguered garrisons, which he failed to take.

A second Boer, also a general in one of the investments, an energetic young man, well educated, and formerly in government employ, drove up his wagon of mealies for sale to the camp which he had tried in vain to take a little time before; and on the conversation turning to the incidents of those days, burst out in Dutch, with a sneer and a gesture of contempt, "Oh, we beat you—don't talk to me!" And yet the debate on the matter in the House was strung with sentences about the "high courage" of these people; their "noble struggle for liberty;" their "God-fearing natures;" their "fitness for independence."

The general impressions about the country and its people, which those at home get hold of, are likely to be rudely dispelled on close acquaintance. They will find the whole of South Africa, as we know it, is almost treeless. There is a fringe of trees along the coast, patches of bush widely scattered in *kloofs* and on hillsides, and a few large forests in the old colony; but this want of trees is intensified in the Transvaal. There you may travel a hundred miles without seeing a tree; you can ride all day and see but one stream, which will call to mind an English brook; cliffs and hills are rare, except where there are too many of them; the farmhouses are miles apart, and are seldom more than ugly cottages, with low roofs of galvanized iron—so low as to escape notice altogether, but for the clump of blue-gum trees generally near. There will be a few acres of land not far off, ploughed up; through the middle will run the stream or bog, as the case may be, from which the farmer gets water; round it will be a stone wall to keep the oxen out. Nearer the house will be a garden with a row of peach-trees in it; the whole establishment looking better from a distance, unless many broken bottles, empty tins, and the refuse of years are thought matters of ornament to a tumble-down place, with windows of four small panes of glass, and a family of pigs, curs, fowls, and children all scrambling in the dirt together.

The Transvaal has its pretty spots, wooded and watered; but they are few and far between, and seldom lie on the high-roads. And the high-roads: imagine a series of rolling swells of barren grassland, some many miles, others a few hundred yards in breadth, and across these a wandering track which, it is plain to see, has been cut by wagons, winding just as the oxen traced it when they dragged the first wagon along the sward: a bit of dirty tape thrown down carelessly on the veldt, and not even pulled tight. In the bottoms between the swells runs a marshy spruit, the presence of water only to be detected by the greater greenness of the turf—none of our English streams brawling over stones; and here the track widens out into a hundred paths. The passage of a few wagons churns the spruit into a swamp, deep with black mud; stagnant pools of water cover up the mud-holes; water-weeds choke the more solid parts; in a hole a little higher up lies a dead ox, the distended carcass showing partially above the water; on the bank opposite lies a second, the bones half picked by vultures. But the swamp across the road turns the next wagons off the track, and they cut one for themselves generally higher up the valley; others stray further away still in search of firm ground, so by degrees the high-road disappears in a network of wheel-tracks many hundred yards wide, the black swamp cutting through the middle. Then the road rises interminably till the top of the swell is gained, and the traveller gets a view in monotony unequalled. Everywhere long, rolling swells, brown or green, according to the season; in the distance hills showing rarely; *kops* rounded and misty. Nearer the veldt is strewn with bones of buck or oxen, gleaming white; a herd of antelope is scattered on the green patch on the sky-line; while dotting the road at frequent intervals are dead horses, mules, or oxen, in every stage of contortion and decay. An ox, waiting to die of lung-sickness, has been abandoned, and stands sadly patient against the blue beyond. There is no other living thing for miles; now and again a wagon creeps into sight, and passes you after a long time, its Dutch driver scowling darkly. The picture is not inviting. I do not say that there are none but this. There are spots where the road runs for miles between hills that look like heaps of stones piled up by giants, or through patches of mimosa-trees very pleasant to the eye; but

the first picture is the commonest, and is not distorted by a hair's-breadth.

One thing which strikes outsiders as strange, is the number of farms held by one man. A claim lately sent in by a loyal subject for compensation included, amongst other items, one hundred and ten farms. Now the average size of a Transvaal farm is six thousand acres, so the claimant must have had some seven hundred thousand acres of land; and I puzzled my brains as to how it was possible to amass so much land in one hand. An old settler gave me the clue. It appears, under the Dutch system, an inhabitant of the Transvaal, after one year's residence, was entitled to a farm; so shop-boys, laborers, and other small men, found themselves possessors of a farm before they knew what to do with it. There were legal measures to be taken to secure the title; law costs time and money; and the new-comers, if they had the last two, had seldom enough knowledge to tackle the first, so they let their right drop. But your land-speculator was watching, and next day came down with an offer of money to buy up the dormant claim. The price was accepted, and the speculator got the farm. As little as five shillings has been known to buy one, and so it can be accounted for how one man could hold more than a hundred.

The native question has played a prominent part in the late Convention, and heads are shaken, and surmises made, that the native will relapse into slavery, now that the Boers are again the masters. But I do not think that things will ever be as bad, or a tithe as bad, as these croakers make out. The native is well able to take of himself; all have guns; the authority of the chief is so paramount that he has only to give the order, and a *commando* of all his tribe will start to do his bidding. The independent native does not fear the Boers; he knows that they can shoot better than he can, are a superior race, and do not mind killing black people who are troublesome; but he also knows that he can surprise the Boer's cattle or sheep, steal his horses, and perhaps, if the worst comes, set fire to his farmhouse, and *assegai* his vrow and children. And this the Boer knows just as well. So there is an armed neutrality between the two races, to the mutual advantage of both, which is likely to be kept up.

That atrocities against natives have been committed by Boers is undoubted, but they are solitary instances, and should

not be laid to the charge of the race as wholesale acts.

The case of the chief Maraba I have heard quoted as an instance of Boer cruelty, and of the inability of the Boer government under which it happened, to punish such. Maraba was a loyal chief who had a couple of horses which a Boer living near had long coveted, and at length demanded. The demand was refused, on which the Boer *commandeered* forty men of his acquaintance, surrounded the chief's kraal, and shot every man that came out. Maraba was shot through both thighs, and fell; when his devoted men formed a ring round him, and covering him with their shields, were all killed with him. The Boers then divided the women and children, the instigator of the massacre driving off the horses and cattle as his share; and of this no notice was taken.

Not long ago I found the skeleton of a native lying unburied at a short distance from a town in the Transvaal, and on speaking about it that evening, was told by one of the townspeople that it was probably a man who had given information to the English during the war, and had been murdered for his pains. "I believe it is so," he added; "because I saw a Dutchman leading a native towards the place where the body lies, with a *reim* tied round his neck."

During the war I have watched through glasses a Boer deliberately sjambok a native until the wretch ran out to fetch in some horses which had strayed under the English fire, and which the Dutchman did not dare fetch in himself.

But these are isolated cases, though repeated far too often of late, and are not typical of Boer treatment of the native in general. I would say that the Boer does better for his native than the ordinary colonist does for him in Natal. The Boer gets him as a boy, and teaches him to drive a wagon, and herd cattle, makes him one of his family to some extent; (I have seen a sick Boer sitting on his bed surrounded by a couple of friends and several Kaffirs, all talking and smoking together;) teaches him his own language, clothes and feeds him, but gives him very little money. A common dodge is to engage a Kaffir for a term of, say, three years, promising him at the end of the time an ox in payment of his work. All goes swimmingly till only three months of the time has to be worked out, when the Boer begins such systematic ill-treatment, that the Kaffir is glad to run

away, and lose his ox, rather than submit to it.

The Boer looks upon a Kaffir as a creature just superior to his oxen, to whom money is of no use — one who should work and be happy; and as a rule, a Boer's servants appear fairly contented. Slavery did exist to a large extent, and on a very limited scale does so still; but it is not slavery such as English people understand by the term. The slaves were mostly children sold by their parents, deserted, or destitute; and their slavery consisted in living in a Dutch house instead of in a Kaffir kraal. In both they have to work, in both they get the same kind of food, in both can indulge in their one recreation, marriage. A mistake was made when the Royal Commission called up the natives to hear its terms without allowing them to say a word in reply. The native likes talking more than anything. He considers it his right; and having heard what the Commission had to say, he expected to be allowed to exercise his right. Let him have his say, and he would have gone away quite contented. The English, in whom he has every confidence, would have heard his side of the question from his own lips, and would have attended to it. But as it was, he could not understand it. He had walked many miles to hear and answer, and only half the affair had come off. Something was wrong. The rumors that the Dutch had licked the English must be true. He was to be handed back to the Boers, and he did not like it. So rival chiefs — chiefs who, when pitted against each other, had kept us free from the risk of a combination amongst six hundred thousand natives, shook hands, and went off together in earnest conversation.

Difficulties — civil war is mentioned as one — are likely to arise among the Boers themselves in the struggle for the leading power — who is to be the foremost man in the country. Cronje at Potchefstroom is a violent, uneducated man, with an inordinate belief in his own importance, not a little increased by his so-called victory over the garrison there; and he is supported by a large number of the Boers in the district. Solomon Prinslow in the Pretoria district has always been an arch-rebel, both against the former Boer government and the English which succeeded it, and is likely to be at the old game again. Marais at Heidelberg counts upon a good following to support his pretensions, and there are many more. But to attempt anything like a surmise as to

what will happen to the unhappy country hereafter can be but guess-work. Already the Boers are crying out that they will fight to make the English take back the country; they see English rule about to be replaced by Boer misrule; worst of all, English money is rapidly leaving the Transvaal. The outlook is not pleasant. Others say they will turn the resident out as soon as the soldiers are off, and that gentleman has no pleasant prospect before him. If he turns Boer, they may stand him — if he acts up to the letter of the Convention, they will get rid of him. In either case he can only rely on moral force in the exertion of his authority, and that is the very force which no Boer can ever give way to.

Looking at the lessons taught us in the late war we cannot value them too much.

Like all great commanders, the Boers have produced a novelty in warfare, and it has beaten the older system. They have taught us the value of men who can ride and shoot at the same time — who have been taught the importance of cover, and know by instinct where to look for it. A body of men so trained would turn the scale in many a battle nowadays. The infantry soldier is powerless against their rapid movements. Artillery finds its target merely a cloud of dots, always in motion and widely scattered. The cavalry alone can do anything against such an enemy, and they again are heavily weighted when compared with the Boers. Some men who took a leading part in the siege of the Potchefstroom garrison, on seeing the cavalry escort march in with the second garrison, said: "Ah, if you had only had four hundred men like that, with swords, who would gallop at us without caring if a few were shot, we should never have risen."

We in our clumsy way have got up an imitation of the Boer system in our mounted infantry. Necessity makes us produce the nearest approach to cavalry we could out of the materials at hand. The idea is good; in practice, mounted infantry, as at present organized, are useless. Look at the way we set about raising them. The colonel of a regiment is told to pick out as many men as he thinks suited to the work, and he naturally chooses those who can ride, not an over-common accomplishment in our infantry. These men can ride fairly, but the chances are against their being able to shoot even tolerably. Here is a second accomplishment to be added to the first; and if one is rare, how much rarer must be the two

combined? The men thus raised go out to fight, happy if they can stick in their saddles, armed with carbines, by no means a perfect weapon, and meet men born, so to speak, on horseback, carrying the best rifles that money will buy, and trained in their use from childhood.

Mounted infantry did good service in Zululand, because every Zulu has a peculiar dread of a man on horseback; but against Boers or Europeans they are useless under their present organization. Mounted infantry first came to be heard of in the American war, when a battalion was mounted and sent away to anticipate the enemy at a certain spot, when they dismounted and became infantry again. The horse was simply a means of locomotion. A couple of regiments composed of men who can ride and shoot, and don't mind taking a leaf out of the Boer farmers' book, would be invaluable to a general in the field. Wise men are never above learning from their inferiors, even though these be rough Boer farmers.

The Boers get very indignant if you tell them that they wanted to be beaten; all they wished was to show that they were not cowards, and to get better terms about the future of their country than they could have got without fighting. But having beaten us they have got too much, and don't know what to do with it. They fought well and bravely; their system of patrolling was admirable; their investments of the various garrisons were so well organized that it was barely possible to get a single messenger through their lines; while the attack on Majuba was a deed which, had it been done by English soldiers, would have been spoken of as a glorious instance of British pluck and heroism.

Pity that, with much to admire, their true character showed out when they were not under the immediate eye of their leaders. So we have to deplore the murders of Elliot, of Malcolm, of Barber; the kicking to death of the storekeeper near Pretoria; the mock trial and execution of the pretended spies at Potchefstroom; and the murder of many natives in cold blood all over the country.

But of all the deeds done the massacre of Bronker's Spruit will remain a lasting record of Boer cruelty and Boer dishonor. Read the short story taken from the lips of one present, a man in a position of trust, a soldier of nearly twenty years' service—a man whose simple words breathe truth in every syllable, and whose life has never borne a stain.

"I was in the fifth wagon from the front; the country had become covered with thorny bush, and we could not see far any way. Just then the road came out into an open space where the bushes fell away back for perhaps fifty yards on either side; about the middle was a big tree. It was just when we reached this open space that I saw five Boers riding in the bushes; and immediately after I saw them, a great number more, several hundred, came trooping over the low hill on our left rear. They came on, and the colonel gave the order for the band to stop playing, and the men to halt. From the middle of the crowd, which still kept advancing, rode out three men, one carrying a white flag. They came about twenty-five yards in front of the rest, and the colonel rode out to meet the white flag. He came up to it, quite slowly, and spoke to the man carrying it, the others still advancing; they were about eighty yards from the road where the men were halted. After speaking to the man the colonel turned his horse and walked back towards the men. He had got about half-way when a shot was fired from the Boers, and immediately a volley. The colonel fell where he was, and some of the other officers, and many of the men. Then volley after volley was fired, and the men fell very fast. When the first volley was fired, the man with the white flag was riding back to the rest, and the flag was still flying. As soon as the colonel gave the order to cease fire, the Boers rushed on us like tigers, and took our rifles and belts away; they took the boots off the dead and wounded before they would allow us to do anything for them. The wagon with the women in it stood with its open end to the Boers, and they could not help seeing the women, but they fired into it just the same. Sergeant Stacey piled up some boxes behind which the women and Mrs. Smith's two little children crouched, and as he was doing it, a bullet hit him through the wrist, and glanced upwards through one of the women's hats. Mrs. Fox was shot through the body.

"The big tree I told you stood by the roadside, was marked quite lately to show the range, as the Boers had chosen the place before. They only gave us food on payment. I have paid three shillings for a loaf of bread, and Dr. Ward used to pay for the milk every week. I counted sixty-seven horses lying dead, so we must have killed some Boers. I was going to the Dutch farm then to try and buy something for the wounded, and was stopped by a

Boer, who told me not to come there till the afternoon as they were burying their dead."

And in face of these well-known facts, Mr. Chamberlain stated in his speech during the Transvaal debate, that "Bronker's Spruit, which was at first thought to have been a massacre, is now proved beyond dispute to have been a fair fight."

We have read of the old soldier who, in his declining years, takes up his grandchildren on his knees, and tells them of all the glorious fights of old which Englishmen have fought for queen and country. Here, at least, is one which no old soldier will care to speak of when he prattles of England's deeds of bravery in the days gone by. There are dead faces under the sods up yonder, and sad ones at home looking down on crippled limbs and shattered lives; and those dead faces under the turf cry out with silent tongues to England who sent them forth to die; and England will not hear them. Those cold faces lying there can no longer brighten with the thought that, though they died to add another page to England's greatness, she in her love has freed their memories from disgrace, and wiped out with her just anger the bloody day; while those still living can only turn away and sigh to feel how easily brave English soldiers can be forgotten by their own country.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER III.

"Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty."

JACK walked with Mr. Veriker to the door of his hotel, bade him good-night, made him renew his promise, and then left him, not to fulfil the intention he had announced of going straight off to bed, but to retrace his steps to the spot he had just left, as being the fittest place for undisturbed reflection. He wanted to take commune with himself, to review his past, and reflect on his present situation—a by no means pleasant task, for Jack was a stern master, not more lenient to himself than he was to others.

There was nothing uncommon about his story. It was the oft-told tale of a struggle between newly-fledged independence and over-strained authority. As

long as Jack was bound to obey, his uncle, Mr. Chandos, had not pushed him to extremities; but the moment it came upon him that his nephew was free, imperceptibly the reins tightened, and this notwithstanding the restiveness Jack showed each time the curb was felt by him. Uncle and nephew had inherited the same disposition: each desired his own way, and had a rooted dislike to be thwarted or interfered with. Who was now to give in? not Jack, he had always given in; not Mr. Chandos, he had never given in. By turns over-blamed, over-praised, thwarted, made much of, Jack's bringing-up had left a great deal to be desired. His father was dead, had died when Jack was a child; his mother had married again, and had gone to India to be engrossed by fresh interests and new surroundings. Jack, left at school, was understood to be adopted by his uncle, who had recently inherited an estate which obliged him to assume the name of Chandos.

At the time he became possessed of this property, Mr. Chandos was past forty, and a bachelor. He had never married, because, had he done so, he must have deprived himself of luxuries which, far more than a wife, he found essential to his comfort. Now that he was master of a good income, and owner of a handsome estate, he regretted his former wisdom; it was not that he wanted a wife, but he wanted an heir, one born of his own body, so that he might feel that even when he was dead, a part of himself still enjoyed what he had left behind.

To a mind so constituted, Jack's presence could never be entirely welcome, and in token of it the boy was kept at school; and when the holiday time came round, and he returned home, it was generally to find the manor shut up, his uncle away, and he expected to spend his vacation with the Temples at the rectory. Under such circumstances, was it possible that much affection should exist between them? Aunt Temple—the rector's wife, in reality a cousin of the Dorians—was always holding up Mr. Chandos as a bogie to Jack, and to her own children. Frightened to death of him herself, she seemed to desire that others should be inspired with a similar awe, and not being gifted with the spirit of reticence, when out of humor she freely commented on her cousin's obstinacy and selfishness, and openly laughed at an old fellow like that being married for love. For, with the strange craving most of us have to pos-

sess that which is beyond our reach, Mr. Chandos desired to find favor with some young girl who could bestow her heart on him; and it was after this chimerical ideal he sought, and, though over fifteen years had passed, he was still seeking. In the mean time, though he never failed to remind Jack that it was not probable he would ever have more than the few thousands his father had left him, and the little which he, his uncle, might choose to add to it, he interfered with every plan the boy formed. What! want to be a soldier! to be sent off no one could say where, to die of fever or be killed in battle. Pray, in case of anything happening to him, who was to inherit Chandos Manor?—the idea was absurd. Jack would like to be an engineer. The possible future owner of Chandos Manor working at the construction of railways or making steam engines—the bare notion was degrading.

Mr. Chandos had provided for Jack during his stay at Eton, he now desired that he would go to Oxford, enter himself at a college where he could work, and so be ready—should it be needed—with knowledge to be turned to account. With a very ill grace, to Oxford Jack went; soon was mixed up with a very fast set; spent more money than he had any right to spend; had his debts paid; promised amendment; broke his word; got into a serious scrape, was rusticated; and, then, threatened by his uncle, grew obstinate, rebellious, defiant, refused to acknowledge that he was under any authority to him, and ended by drawing out the money which had been invested for him, and which, being of age, he could claim as his own, sending his uncle a cheque for the sum he had paid for his debts at Oxford, and with a not unprovoked letter to Mr. Chandos by way of farewell, Jack bade adieu to England, and started for Paris, determined to enjoy abroad the spending of some portion of those thousands which still remained to his credit.

We all know how endless in the eyes of youth seems the first large sum of money it has command of. It appeared to Jack that such a sum would last—well, if not forever, for far longer than he should want to be knocking idly about. Besides, it was not likely that his uncle would hold out now, when he had given in so often; for of late years there had always been a tug of war ending in a compromise between the two. Everybody said Mr. Chandos would never marry, and if he did not, Jack must have the place if he did not have the money; and then the people

about were all on his side. The rector was certain to say a good word for him, and as for Aunt Temple, she said in her letter that she'd never let his uncle have any peace until he sent and had Jack back among them.

Mistaken friends, who, by their ill-judged zeal, only made an obstinate man more resolute than before; he was more furious against Jack than ever when he found how many advocates he had to plead his cause.

Unfortunately the London season was over, and nearer, in his own neighborhood, none of the ladies on promotion met his taste. So his man was ordered to pack his things without delay, that he might go to Harrogate, Scarborough; search the marriage markets of the United Kingdom over, but he would return with a bride, and have an heir who should make his insolent nephew hide his diminished head.

But seeking is one thing, finding another, more especially when the object sought for is to be adorned by all the graces and gifted by all the virtues. Nearly five years had passed away, and Mr. Chandos was still on the look-out, heralded by the prestige of being a rich man seeking for a wife. People at home began to lose hope and give up pleading for Jack, and a fear spreading abroad that if Mr. Chandos did not marry, he would leave his property elsewhere, Mrs. Temple began to think that, if Jack did not have it, she did not see why her girls should not reap the benefit. There were three of them: Isabel, Georgy and Dora; they were nearer to him than strangers could be. No one could say that she was not fond of Jack; but still, in their position, it was like giving countenance to evil, not to take some notice if the reports were true; and people did say that he had become quite a gambler, and associated with very odd sort of people, who lived by their wits, nobody knew how.

So Jack's correspondents first made their letters brief, then cold, and then gave up writing altogether. Evidently his relatives were bent on dropping him. Well, they must do as pleased them best; and he feigned to smile as if the thought amused him, when in reality it stung him to the quick. For much as appearances seemed against him, of late Jack's mode of life had been a matter of necessity rather than of choice. He was already about to break into the last few hundred pounds of that inexhaustible sum with which he had started, and when that was

gone, where was he to turn for more? A dozen spectres rose up before him, each of whom bore a likeness to some needy adventurer whom Jack despised. Was there no better fate in store for him, than that he should sink down to the level of such men as these? of every one of whom was told the tale of wealth, position, credit gone; all staked, and lost.

During the two months of perfect quiet which Jack had spent at Venice with the Verikers — who had stayed on there first because Mr. Veriker had been unwell, and afterwards because at that season everything was so cheap — he had ample opportunity for reflection, but it seemed as if something was needed to bring him to the point of action. This something had been just supplied in the blow Mr. Veriker had given him. For a moment his pride had been overcome by indignation, but the sight of the father's despair over the misery he foresaw for his daughter had made Jack realize his own situation. As he was, Mr. Veriker had been; unless a change came, what Mr. Veriker was he might be.

"Never! never! never!"

He turned suddenly round — it was his own voice that had startled him. In his excitement he had spoken the words aloud.

The movement changed his former dreaming into a more vigorous train of thought — something must be done. By what means could he do it? where were his friends? and to whom among them could he apply? He did not cast a thought towards his uncle, and gradually, one by one, he set aside as useless all those who had any immediate intercourse with him; and, having by these means thinned the ranks very considerably, he found himself reduced to a choice of two alternatives. He must apply to Mr. Clarkson — who had been his father's lawyer, and who had condemned most unsparingly the folly of his former proceedings; or put an advertisement into some paper for work — work of any kind, he did not care what. In the heat of his present state he felt that breaking stones on the road would be preferable to his present life. With the desire to escape obligation to Mr. Clarkson, he inclined towards advertising until reminded that a reference would probably be asked, and to whom could he refer? No; the first plan was best, he must swallow his pride, and ask the favor of the old fellow. He could but say no; and if he did, then he would try the paper. But how to word

his request? Jack's steps were now turned towards his hotel. During that walk back, he framed fifty letters seemingly eloquent enough then, but unsuitable to the last degree when, seated in his room, pen in hand, he was prepared to commit his thoughts to paper.

"DEAR MR. CLARKSON, — DEAR SIR, — DEAR MR. CLARKSON," —

Oh, it's of no use: I can't do it!" and jumping up he flung down his pen, "I've thought and thought till I'm sick of thinking, and not a word that I want to say will come."

Then after two or three minutes' standing, during which there crept into his face an expression of indomitable will, Jack seated himself again at the table, and without waiting or giving himself any further time to consider, he wrote: —

"DEAR MR. CLARKSON, —

"When we parted we were both angry with each other. You, because I persisted in doing what was foolish; I, because you persisted in advising what was wise. Your prophecy has come to pass. In a foreign land I have wasted my substance in riotous living; and now that I begin, like the prodigal, to be in want, no one offers to assist me. So far a confession of the past; now for the future. I mean to work, and live independently of anybody. I won't apply to my uncle. My mother is too far away; will you give me your assistance? I am ready to turn my hand to anything, so if you have any writing, or copying, or anything that in an office is found to do; or if you will employ me, or say a word in my favor to anybody else, I shall be much obliged to you. I shall remain in Venice as long as I think there is any chance of your answering this letter, but as I want to be employed, the quicker I can find something to do the better.

"Yours very sincerely,
"JOHN DORIAN."

CHAPTER IV.

"Voria saver che prova più dolore,
L'omo che parte o la dona che resta.
Dona che resta, aresta con dolore;
L'omo che parte trova n' altro amore."

UNDER the weary suspense which followed the sending of those two letters, for it happened that in the same bag with Jack's lay the one which Mr. Veriker had written, the elder man became silent and depressed, the younger anxious and irritable. Neither cared to discuss with the other the steps he had taken, and by tacit

consent of both, not a word was to be breathed to Robin. She, poor child, ignorant of any cause, racked her brains in trying to discover what had gone wrong with her father, and what could have changed Jack, so that in some ways — and here came forth a most lugubrious sigh — he was not a bit like the same to her. Time was, and barely more than a month since too, when Robin would have frankly asked the question. But now a certain self-consciousness forbade inquiry, as first a flood of color, and then a shower of tears, recalled looks no longer given; and the hand her face was leaning against she thrust out of sight, because of a tormenting fear that it had been left trembling too long in a palm waiting for a pressure which had not come.

Experience had given Robin some familiarity with Jack's idiosyncrasies. She knew it was impossible for him to take things easily; knew that a trivial accident, a misadventure passed unheeded by her father, would put Jack out for the day. She had seen him on — seemingly to her — slight provocations give way to outbursts of anger which had almost terrified her, but in balance to these failings he had qualities which Robin thought belonged to nobody but him; for in the sad experience of her young life, whom else had she known in whom she could place implicit trust, to tell her what was right, to point out what was wrong, and show by all his dealings that he practised the honesty he taught?

The girl heaped on her father the treasures of a love which for years had had nothing else to spend itself upon; but though she shut her eyes to his failings, she winced under the knowledge of them, and by turns grew angry and pleaded with a sense of honor which compelled her to condemn many things she saw him do. It was Jack who had first taught her to be ashamed of practices which up to that time every one had applauded her for: cunning evasions, clever misleadings, shifty advantages in payments and purchases. Oh, how bitterly had she been galled by Jack's outspoken opinion of such dealings!

It was soon after their more intimate acquaintance that, indignant at such a training, he had reproached her father in no measured terms, to be recalled to the fact of Robin's presence by seeing her rush from the room in a passion of tears. Distressed at having unintentionally wounded the child, who among her father's visitors was a universal favorite, he

presented himself the next day with a fine package of bonbons, and finding her alone, asked her forgiveness as he placed them in her hands. An explanation followed, the poor, swelling heart was opened to seek counsel and direction, and from that day Jack and Robin became sworn friends, master and pupil — the master inclined at times to abuse the privilege of his position by encouraging, petting, scolding, neglecting, as the mood was on him. On occasions, carried away by some whirlwind of passion, Jack for months would seem lost to Robin: she here, he there; would they ever meet again?

Oh, yes! the fancy over, at one of the headquarters of resort back would come Jack, to be welcomed none the less warmly, because Robin felt certain in herself that he was suffering the tortures of a broken heart.

At Monaco during the previous winter they had seen more than ever of each other, and after being parted for a short time, it was at Robin's entreaty more than at Mr. Veriker's request, that Jack had joined them at Venice. For two months they had lived daily in one another's company, so engrossed that they had failed to notice how little they missed other society. Even the flimsy pretexts by which Mr. Veriker sought to hide the failing health which prevented his joining them, they accepted as veritable excuses for his stopping behind, and while they were absent the hours ran so swiftly that as he did not say so, how should they know that time could hang heavy on his hands?

Oh, happy season! Oh, magic birth! which Robin felt quicken into life before she knew what name to call it by; and Jack, who before had often masqueraded with the passion, now that it came undisguised, refused to believe the voice that called it love.

Alas! the moment he was resolved to stay away, to see less of Robin, to avoid her company, the struggle he had to make revealed the truth; and, almost absurd as the idea was of being in love with Robin, Jack had to confess that the child to whom, after a very blundering fashion, he had tried to tell what long ago they had told him was the right thing to do, had contrived, while learning the lesson, to steal away his heart and give him in exchange her own.

Pity him then when Robin's brown eyes turn to plead in vain, for Jack, now fully alive to his share of blame in the past intercourse between them, in extenuation of his fault resolved that neither by speech

nor action would he further betray his trust—the promise he had given her father, to the letter he would keep; and until he had something to offer, he would not utter a single word. It was this resolution which made silence about his project a necessity; he felt he must not overtax his strength, which was hardly equal to more than the announcement of his departure on the day it had to be made. Whether anything or nothing came of his letter, he would leave Venice. So far, that was settled; the point at issue was, what should he find to do?

Each time he was near the post—and how many excuses he found to be in its neighborhood—he went in to ask if anything had come for him, to be told no, until his heart sickened; and then, when hope had dwindled very low and the question seemed scarcely worth putting, a letter was handed to him which he had opened, read, and read again without any distinct notion of its contents beyond the fact that his steps were keeping time to a voice which sang, "It's all right, all right, he has found something for me to do!" The something—connected with a bank transaction at Bucharest—was, as Jack knew in after days, a difficulty invented by Mr. Clarkson for the occasion. The good friend desired to test the faith of the prodigal, who was to start on his mission immediately he received the letter.

This meant leaving Venice without delay; and having ascertained that a train went out that night at eleven o'clock, Jack, who, influenced by that unacknowledged superstition which discourages preparation, had left everything to be done, found himself fully occupied until late in the afternoon, when he went to the Verikers' hotel to announce his departure to his friends.

"I've had an answer to my letter; it's all right—I am leaving here this evening."

While Jack spoke, his eyes had been wandering round the room. Robin was not there. Mr. Veriker was sitting alone.

"Well, Jack," he said, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I suppose I ought to say I'm glad, but I can't—it sticks in my throat somehow. You know, though, don't you—that it's all right—that I'm glad you're satisfied, sorry as I am to lose you?"

"Come, it was you who set me on to it," said Jack, hoping to brighten him. "I don't believe I should ever have written but for what you said to me."

"No—wouldn't you? I hope it will turn out well then. It's about the only good advice I ever did give, so it ought to succeed."

"I hope so, and I think it will."

With the rebound of youth, Jack was all impatience to be gone; the sooner he went, the sooner would he begin that battle by which Robin was to be won. "He's a first-rate old fellow who has given me a hand."

"Not the uncle, then, you once spoke of."

"No, I didn't write to him—he's done with me, I think; was going to get married when last I heard."

"Ah! that's what you'll be doing, I dare say—as soon as you're settled down respectably. You'll forget all about us, I expect, and the best thing for you too."

Jack made no reply.

"Is Robin out?" he asked.

"No; she was here sitting by the window a minute ago—didn't you see her as you came in?"

"No; I'll go and look for her," but before Jack could move, the door opened and Robin appeared.

"It's Jack," said Mr. Veriker, with the haste a melancholy man is in to announce bad news; "he's come to tell us he is going away."

"Yes; is he?"

"Going away to-night. I tell him," he added, seeing that Robin stood so calm, "that he'll very soon forget all about us."

"I think—yes, I have forgotten something. I'm coming back again."

The door shut, Robin was gone.

"She'll miss you as much as any one," said Mr. Veriker, with a nod of his head in the direction of the door. "I don't know what she'll do when you're gone."

"I hope you'll look after her," said Jack. "Go about with her more than you do—you seem," he added bitterly, "to forget that she's a child no longer, and that men don't look on her as such." Then, after a minute's pause, "You haven't heard, have you, from the relations you wrote to, yet?"

Mr. Veriker shook his head. "They'll never trouble themselves to answer," he said. "I might have known that before I sent the letter—only drowning men catch at straws."

"Well, it does not matter so much now," and Jack smiled cheerily; "only while I think of it, I may as well give you an address which will find me at any time—of course I shall write; but in case of

anything happening, you know;" and he wrote on a piece of paper a direction which he folded up and gave to Mr. Veriker. "There, take care of it," he said, "that will always fetch me; and now I think I'll go and look after Robin."

"Oh, she'll be back in a minute. You are not in any hurry to go yet, are you?"

"Well, I have not very long to stay; besides, I want to ask her about something which she can tell me;" and he went out into the passage, off from which was Robin's room.

Already the sound of his footsteps had brought her to meet him, and taking within his her little cold hands, he stopped her, saying, as he did so, "You haven't asked me where I'm going, Robin."

"You're going away," she said simply. What mattered place or distance, so they had to part?

"Well, but I've gone away before, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"And I have come back again. Haven't I always come back to you again, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then why should I not come back now? Listen. I mean to come as soon as ever I possibly can. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," she faltered, and the splash splash of the tears, which were falling on his hands, came faster than before. "Only, I don't feel we shall ever be the same — not Jack and Robin — never, never, never!" and the eyes that looked up big with tears made such a tender appeal, that Jack's strength all but gave way — he must gather her in his arms and set her heart at ease by telling her she had his love.

Fortunately for his resolve, the opening of a door recalled him to his senses. "Oh, that's right, you're not gone yet;" it was Mr. Veriker who spoke. "What do you say to our seeing you off? going to the station with you? Eh, Robin, shall we? you'd like to, wouldn't you?"

"It was just what I was asking her to do," said Jack, tightening his hold of her hands in the effort at recovery.

"Then we'll go. We've been all in the downs both of us to-day, so it will cheer us up to see the last of the only friend we have left."

Jack was already at the foot of the stairs.

"Here, I say, don't go off like that; how are we to meet? what steps are you starting from?"

Mr. Veriker hurried along to get a reply to his question, but when he returned to tell the hour and place to Robin, she was nowhere to be found.

Perhaps Mr. Veriker felt some suspicion of his daughter's secret; any way, when later on Robin made her appearance, he made no remark on her flushed cheeks and swollen eyes, but launched out into the reasons Jack had for going away, and the prospects which no doubt would open out before him, and growing more oracular as he talked, he gave it as his opinion that Jack was one who would go far, soon find his place in the world, and make his fortune.

"So good-bye to any more of him that you or I will ever see, Robin. I know how it is — it has all happened to me a score of times before. It isn't their fault: they mean to keep it up, but after a few letters, a little time goes by, and then by degrees, or suddenly altogether, the whole acquaintance comes to an end."

Robin gave an assenting nod — it was the easiest way of dismissing the question; besides, notwithstanding her wish to defend Jack, the words her father spoke seemed to find an echo in her heart, over which a gathered load of unshed tears lay heavy.

What a mercy is the bustle of departure! Under its shelter how many farewell agonies are hidden!

A rapid glance at Robin's tear-stained face had photographed itself in Jack's memory. Those wistful eyes, filled with unbidden tears, which gathered, rolled slowly down, and fell unheeded — came between him and all he looked at.

Mr. Veriker, in his sympathy casting prudence to the winds, had seated himself near the gondolier. It was best for the luggage, would keep the boat trim, besides which he wanted the fellow to give them a song. Jack had the place by Robin. Hidden in the darkness of those narrow highways, through which their course to the railway had to be taken, who could see them? Drowned in the sound of song, and splash of water, who could hear them? Surely now he will speak; say something, if but a word, to show her that her fancy is not led astray, that he holds her different now to when he used to pet, tease, scold her. Has he not in reproof told her that she was grown into a woman — then is she not one for him? "Oh, Jack" — as the words rise to her lips she turns her face full on him,

plunges her eyes into his, as if to drag the secret from out his heart, and for an instant searching there they stay,—to turn and drop their gaze into the waters they are passing through; for the knell is sounded to her hopes, by Jack's murmured, "Poor child, poor Robin."

And very soon, it seemed, the station was reached, and there were some Italians there they knew, and there was a great bustle and noise of leave-taking, in the midst of which she and Jack said good-bye.

And now he had started, was gone, and they were on their way back again, her father by her side, sitting in Jack's place, his head sunk on his breast, all his gay humor vanished; and she—Robin—shed no tears now, they were all frozen up, and lay like a stone on the sepulchre of her love; and as the gondolier's song fell on her ear she sighed, for the words ran,—

Voria saver che prova più dolore,
L'omo che parte o la dona che resta.
Dona che resta, aresta con dolore;
L'omo che parte trova n' altro amore.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MORE DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.*

If these are days of education, they are also days of a more questionable blessing—talk about education. No doubt we want sound theory as well as constant practice in this important matter; but perhaps the chief reason why the flood of educational matter let loose upon the world is so questionable a blessing is this, that, for the greater part, those who busy themselves most with the theory, have least to do with the practice. Few of those who write, and fewer still of those who speak on the subject, can be suspected of ever having spent an hour a day for half a dozen days consecutively in actual teaching. The fact is, the practical pedagogue has little time for advancing his theories; the theoretical pedagogue in nine cases out of ten is a man of theory only. Consequently, education is mainly in the hands of men who have their theories, but have little time, and probably less inclination, to propound them; while talk about education is mainly left to those who have no opportunities for testing their theories practically.

The professional pedagogue, on the

whole, is looked upon and spoken of as a prejudiced person; a creature of wooden methods, and dogged persistence in sticking to them. Yet if we remember that his opinions, unlike the disquisitions and nostrums of his critics, have been formed upon practice and experience, we shall cease to wonder at the divergence of theory and practice, or at the attacks too often made on the professed pedagogue.

For former generations of Englishmen the curriculum of their education in public schools might be briefly summed up as consisting of classics and mathematics. The present generation enjoys a curriculum of wider scope; considered rather too wide by some practical educationalists, and miserably narrow by many laymen. The study of English, French, and German is now added to that of Latin and Greek: natural science may be said at least to be on its trial as an educational method; and much more time is given to acquiring history and geography. Drawing and music, too, are more generally taught; but still the main parts of the curriculum in our public schools remain what they were fifty or a hundred years ago. Boys on the "modern sides" of our schools are in a minority of something like one to five; and on the "classical sides," classics and mathematics still occupy far more time than any others.

There are several minor reasons for this, but, I believe, the main reason why classics and mathematics remain as the principal methods of education is this, that the conscientious and experienced pedagogue is very loth to sacrifice that which gives him the best grip of a boy's mind—that he will not give up *lessons* in favor of *lectures*. Any person who has had experience in teaching will recognize the distinction. You can make a lesson out of languages and mathematics; but as far as one can gather from experience, what are called lessons in science, history, and geography, evaporate into lectures, admirably suited to eager and attentive pupils, but quite unfitted for the great majority, the uninterested and inattentive. For, alas! horrible unreality as it may be to the theorist, the great majority of English boys are uninterested and inattentive by nature. They have by no means that thirst for information that distinguished Masters Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford, and drew so much interesting matter from Mr. Barlow. Here and there you have boys more or less impressed by what they are hearing or reading or trying to solve, but many more

* See LIVING AGE, No. 1647, p. 42.

decline to be interested in any sort of work, and will do their best to corrupt even the intelligent and interested minority. To this unthinking majority languages, literature, history, mathematics, science—all are equally boring; and in schools it is for majorities that we must legislate. Supposing, then, that in classics and mathematics he has the main ingredients of a system that will interest and improve and sharpen the intellects of his thinking and more gifted minority, and at the same time give him continual chances of coming hand to hand with his unthinking majority, and of wrestling closely with them in a *lesson*, is it probable that the practical teacher will feel desirous of exchanging such a method for one which naturally tends to resolve itself into the *lecture*? Nothing, of course, is urged against the desirability of lectures on science and other important and useful subjects for rising geniuses; but if it be asked, Why must such subjects be treated in the lecture rather than in the lesson? all one can say is that at present this seems to be the verdict of experience.

It is at the classics that a dead set is most commonly made. If languages are indeed so valuable a means of education, why, it is asked, is it necessary to go back centuries and centuries to classical Greek and Latin. Why not put the study of our own language in the place of a classical training? Here, again, it becomes absolutely necessary to know something about boys and their peculiarities as learners, before one can settle this question of English *versus* Classics.

It may seem a paradox, but it is still quite true, that many boys who can get on pretty well with Latin and Greek, are too stupid to do English. Where are the declensions and conjugations that not only exercise their memories at a time when memory wants plenty of exercise, but also compel them to keep their wits awake, to compare inflections, and apply rules of syntax? The inflections in English are almost nil, while as to syntactical rules, even a young boy who comes from an educated home obeys them without even having needed to learn them. As to spelling, it cannot possibly be reduced to rules, and, without some knowledge of Latin and Greek, must become purely and simply a matter of observation, except in the few inflections that the language possesses. Teaching English with small boys generally comes to this, that they are set down to read an easy author with notes, and expected to interest themselves

in derivations of words from languages which they know nothing at all about, and in the analysis of sentences which they can understand without it, or cannot understand with it; and to be mentally exercised in receiving matter which, if the book be easy, gives them no trouble, and, if it be difficult, presents them with difficulties for the solution of which a complete explanation must be given, or they are helpless. In fact, English must be read by English boys almost entirely for the matter. Latin and Greek present matter in combination with various trials of wits in other respects.

"But, surely," some would say, "a stupid boy would make more out of his own language than out of a foreign and dead tongue? Gray's 'Elegy,' for instance, would be a poem that surely would make itself felt and understood partly even by the dullest of dullards?" The following extract from a theme on that poem, which had been read during the term, will perhaps show how very little some boys are capable of understanding the simplest parts of an English classic: "Gray's Elegy is all written in four-lined verses; it rimes from the first line to the fourth. Gray's Elegy consists of thirty-two verses; it begins with the parting of day, and goes on telling us all what happened when day is departing, when ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to Darkness and to me. Then in small print at the bottom of the page it gives you the meaning of all the difficult words, and explains them to you in such a way that you cannot help understanding them." This is copied *verbatim* from a paper written by a boy who, it appears, *could* help understanding what he read.

Perhaps the most objectionable phrase in connection with education is that which, I think, belongs exclusively to seminaries for young ladies—"a finished education." I know of none other more absurd than that which so often figures in the prospectus of a collegiate school or of an academy—"thorough English." The British parent, taking a severely practical view of matters, probably has somewhat the same view of it as that which the prospectus implies, and considers that his sons are "thorough English" scholars if they can pass an easy examination in spelling, reading, writing, English history, and geography. It probably never occurs to him that his boys would be quite as much at sea in Chaucer as in Cæsar; and would find many a passage

from "Paradise Lost" quite as unmeaning as a literal translation of Horace or Propertius.

Very much more might be said in favor of German and French as substitutes for the classics; but here also there are very serious practical difficulties in the way. People, especially mothers, do not like their children to be without the correct accent; the imparting of which can hardly be said to be the function of the pedagogue. The difficulty of teaching French and German both scientifically, and at the same time colloquially, in our home schools, is one that has yet to be solved. Englishmen as a rule cannot and will not do the latter; foreigners can rarely be trusted to do the former. The hypothesis that English schools on English principles might be established in France and Germany is liable to this *reductio ad absurdum*, that the great distance between a boy's home and his school would be intolerable to the maternal, if not to the paternal heart, and that such a system carried out on a complete scale both by ourselves and by our Continental neighbors, would lead to a removal of English families to the Continent, and of Continental families to England. For education in speaking the language such schools would be practically useless, as they would form English-speaking colonies independent of the tongue prevailing outside their own bounds. The present method of sending English boys to foreign schools is open to the very serious objection that a correct accent must be purchased at the cost of a great part of that physical and moral training that we value so highly in our own schools.

So far we have been speaking of those who object to classics as a means to an end which both parties in the quarrel have in view. But there are other opponents of the old-fashioned curriculum who appear to propose to themselves an end other than that which the pedagogue has in prospect. "Before," it is said, "there can be a rational curriculum, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know." To that *dictum* I respectfully demur; and would suggest that the sentence would be nearer the truth if thus re-written, "Before there can be a rational curriculum, we must settle what subjects it most concerns us to study, in order that we may become more capable of acquiring and retaining knowledge."

The primary object of sending boys to school is not that they may learn, but that they may learn how to learn; not

that they may acquire knowledge, but that their brains may be so exercised as to make them capable of acquiring it. If useful knowledge and elevating ideas flow in by the way, all the better. But we do not want to sacrifice *education* to *instruction*. We want first of all to educate, to bring out and strengthen our boys' mental faculties; not to set about giving them instruction before their minds have undergone the training that will enable them to receive it rationally. "Oh, if it is gymnastics you want," replies another enemy of the classics, "don't trouble yourselves with Latin. Take up Chinese instead, and you will get far more gymnastic exercise out of that than you can get out of the classics." But may there not be a wise moderation in this as in other things? Because we want gymnastic exercises, and think that we have found a part of the sort of thing we want in Latin and Greek, it hardly follows that we must want those exercises in excess. If an athlete is going to attempt a high jump of five and a half feet, why raise the bar to six and a half? If the Eton eleven are turning out at Lord's to play Harrow, you need not walk out and say to their captain, "If it is cricket you want, why not play the Gentlemen of England?"

It must be supposed that Mr. Herbert Spencer is attacking the country gentleman's view of a classical education, and not the pedagogue's, when he writes: "A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them;" and when he maintains that classics are taught in our schools rather because a classical education is ornamental than because it is useful. The schoolmaster's view is rather this—that it is very doubtful whether it will be found an ornamental thing at all, very often perhaps rather the reverse, judging from the ignorance of the classics displayed by many who have had a classical education; but that the acquiring a knowledge (limited and imperfect as it may be) of Latin and Greek must in itself be a useful thing. Professor Ramsay* is not the only "out-and-out believer" in the value of classics as an educational method, though the advantages to be derived from them be mainly indirect.

But we are getting some distance away from those "diversions," through which a pedagogue would wish to bring before

* Vide *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xii., p. 329.

his readers some characteristics of the *genus* boy.

It may not be a familiar truth to theorists, but it is pretty well known to all practical pedagogues, that the boy is by nature conservative, and liable to become rapidly so, if treated to a little judicious opposition and banter. To nine boys out of ten the names of Bright and Gladstone are simply bugbears; much what a red flag is to a bull. Not, of course, that they understand anything about politics, but that they hear that those statesmen are opposed to the conservative principles which are firmly established in their own boyish hearts.

Now it is interesting and curious to observe this strict conservatism in a boy's school work. He learns the third Latin declension, and finds that the ablative singular of *lex* is *lege*. I believe that hundreds of pedagogues will bear me out when I say that it is horsework to get a boy to make the ablative singular of the adjective *tristis*, *tristi*. His conservative feelings rebel against that innovation in the inflections he has already learnt. In the same way the second conjugation of the regular verb is steadily adhered to when the third is undertaken. Boys will write *reget* and *regent* for *regit* and *regunt*, because they have pinned their faith upon *monet* and *monent*. It is a curious fact, too, that small boys are often strongly attached to the word *erunt* for *erunt*. I once knew a Scotch boy who had made this blunder and would not be disabused of it. After hunting in vain through his Latin grammar to show me the word, he declared that it was so in the book he had learned from in Scotland, and till that book, which was not forthcoming, should be consulted, he declined to admit that he was in the wrong.

One of the commonest types of boy is the strictly *matter-of-fact*. Boys have a strong distaste for "show-off," and a strong determination to avoid any exhibition of such a weakness in themselves. Hence a literalness and a dogged, *matter-of-fact* style of going to work, which is sometimes mistaken for sheer stupidity. What can be better than this exactly literal translation of Ovid's words concerning the Scythians, *Arcent mala frigora braccis*; "They keep off bad colds by means of wearing breeches"? A less conservative and *matter-of-fact* person would have missed the point of the plural in this passage. Again, that line of Horace, which has led to the fall of many a victim, when subjected to a common-sense

view, thus yields up the secret of its meaning, *Si torreretur jecur quaris idoneum*; "If you want to roast a liver properly." A *matter-of-fact* person of my acquaintance thinks that *ludus circensis* means "a round game."

Who is not familiar with the touching story of Hero and Leander, and Byron's moving lines on the subject? Let me lay before the reader a *matter-of-fact* account of the transaction as sent up to me by a hard-hearted youth: "Leander was a young man, who was in love with a young woman, and between them was a large piece of water, so that if he wished to see her he would have to cross it; so he resolved to swim it. He reached the opposite shore all safe, but in coming back the journey was too long, the tide very strong, and he got the cramp and was drowned."

I have only once come across a boy able, without being taught, to take a really comprehensive view of languages, and to see that English, French, and Latin are to a great extent capable of being treated as one and the same tongue. He was a wild youth, from the sheep-runs of Australia, and perhaps travel had done something towards forming the breadth of his views. He came in the middle of the term, and being quite innocent of any thing except reading, writing, and arithmetic, was set down at once to the elements of French and Latin. Unfortunately I did not explain to him that at different hours he was supposed to be doing different work, and that English, French, and Latin would be brought before his notice separately. He spent five or six weeks working on his own system without letting us perceive the theory he held; and when the examination at the end of the term came on, then he astonished our weak minds. The following, word for word and letter for letter, was his Latin exercise:—

The just man — *Le pititist ponto*.

The beautiful girl — *La pititist felia*.

The long war — *La grand tour*.

Old men are surly — *Pomo curunt morsuly*.

That city is very beautiful — *Fai cunitz est petest*.

They will have been advised by Cicero — *Arant habent been moniter by Cicero*.

In the Latin grammar paper he was required to decline *qui*. Not being familiar with that pronoun, he selected from the English language a word which seemed to have some affinities with it — "quickly." To this he added a miscellaneous lot of Latin inflections, and the result was this: Quicklya, quicklyæ, quickly-

orum, quicklyæ, quicklyæ, quicklyæ. He was once required to spell the word *gymnasium*. An adherence to his comprehensive system may be traced in his effort, which was this — *gymneguynnasey room*.

He was more or less of a philosopher, but he stayed not long amongst us. Those whom the gods love die young, and he was soon recalled to the happy hunting-grounds of Australia.

But this was not the only boy I have known to make semi-philosophical blunders. One of my boys on first being confronted with the dual *ἑσθω*, not having learned, or forgetting, there was no first person in that number, produced "I two am" as the nearest thing he could think of to express it. Boys are very fond of putting *nemo* with a plural verb, and for all I know their reasoning is this: "The singular speaks of one, the plural of more than one. Evidently *nemo* is neither singular nor plural, so the verb can be what you like." "Why," I once asked a boy, "does *magnificus* make comparative *magnificentior*?" "Because," I was answered, "it means a hundred times more magnificent." Another of my boys explained *ἑξήκον ἀνδρά* as a man with six minds. The pseudo-philosophical, too, is often puzzled with queer fancies, and brings them to his master for solution. Being in difficulties with respect to the Latin rule for the construction of the place to which one goes, a small boy once came to me to know if Sicily was an island large enough to take the preposition *ad*. Another wanted to know if *abs* was the plural of *ab*.

But breadth of view and a philosophical habit of inquiry cannot be said to be usual characteristics of schoolboys. As a rule their views are extremely narrow. They are guided commonly by a rigid and orthodox trust in the letter of grammar and dictionary. For example, a boy is required to turn into Latin the following English sentence: "We know that the gods are on our side." He produces this rendering, *Scimus deos citra esse*. Again, "The king yielded to the augur" is turned, *Rex perforaculo concessit*. Another friend of mine considered that the words applied by Horace to the ship of the state, *Non tibi sunt integra lintea*, were adequately rendered by "You have not fresh linen." The words, so frequently occurring in Homer, *δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς*, are often taken to mean "the godly Ulysses." A few months ago a boy brought me, in a copy of Latin elegiacs, the following rendering of the line, "And autumn presses near," *Autumnusque*

artus post duo flavus agit. It is fair to him to add that the translation of his line is not what I thought it to be, "And yellow autumn behind plies his two legs;" the words *post duo* referring to the two past seasons of the year. This pentameter is reported from a Yorkshire school, *Pulvis et hic hæc hoc omnia more fiunt*. Some of my readers may remember Virgil's description, in the Georgics, of bees leaving their hives in the morning: *Mane ruunt portis; nusquam mora*. A pupil of mine thus Englished the words: "In the morning they rush forth from the gates; manners are nowhere." A similar tendency towards slang may be observed in this translation, *Tempestiva viro*, "For your blooming husband." It was a boy educated in the Isle of Man, who rendered *tres gravissimi historici*, by "three very grievous hysterics."

The following is an instance of a narrow and orthodox view of the use of the dictionary:—

Boy (translating). "*Otia tuta*, safe plins."

Master. "Safe what?"

Boy. "Safe plins, sir."

Master. "What are plins?"

Boy. "A kind of fish, sir."

Master (aware that there may be more things in heaven and earth and sea than are dreamed of in his philosophy). "Where do you find that?"

Boy. "In my dictionary, sir."

Master. "Let me see it," (reading from the book), "*Otis*, a kind of fish, *Plin*."

This mistake is akin to that of the editor of a once well-known Greek Testament, who is said in his preface (since suppressed) to have expressed his obligations to various German critics, "including that copious writer Professor Ebend." — the German equivalent for Dr. Ditto.

A still more common type of boy is the puzzle-headed, on whose banners confusion waits, as he marches forth to do battle with his natural enemies, his teachers. Perhaps no species of boy produces such a plentiful crop of ludicrous blunders as this. One of them renders *βέβηλα ἔξω* by "swift rumor," probably with a muddled reminiscence of Virgil's description of fame floating in his brain. *Labienus nudo capite in equo versabatur*, is turned, with a wild scorn of proprieties, into "Labienus was riding about on his horse's bare head." *πρῆριε Ζεὺς* conveys an inappropriate idea of mayors and corporations when translated "Councillor Zeus." Many an idle dog before now has translated Homer's *κῆρας ἀγορεύς* in such a way as to

turn the laugh-against himself. *σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὅσσοιαι νύξ ἐφάρπει*, says poor Alcestis, in her last moments, not at all meaning, "Dark night is creeping over my bones." Neither is the simile *ὡς δ' ὅτε τις τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοῖνικι μύθη* happily given in this rendering, "And as when a woman paints an elephant with red." A rather vivid recollection of a local entertainment seems to have prompted the following: *ἀγορήνδε καλέσασα λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς, οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν, ὀμηγερέες τε γέγοντα*, "Achilles called the people to the assembly room, and when they were come together and were closely packed," etc. One translator has thought it right to say that *Age fare vicissim* means, "Come, tell me for the twentieth time." *Tripodas geminos* alludes to no such monster as a boy imagined who translated it by "three-footed twins." Cerberus is represented in the poets as an animal *latratu trifauci*, which one boy, not without ingenuity, has twisted into "Cerberus with treble back." The Cambridge Little-go Examination lately produced the following graphic translation: *Domestico vulnere ictus, filium anno ante natum amisit*; "Having been bitten by a tame fox, he lost his son a year before he was born," a sentence which starts clearly, if not correctly, but ends in clouds and darkness. But we must bear in mind that we are treating of the boy; at the universities we are all men. *Ignari sumus* is a sentence so very simple, that I was surprised, though proof against a good deal, to find a boy making it mean "the height of ignorance." *Medius juvenum* is perplexing when said to mean "middle-aged youths." *Vin' tu Curtis Judæis oppedere?* is believed by one to mean, "Did you see Curtis the Jew coming this way?" From the same came the following Latin rendering of "We never set foot in your land," *Nunquam tua in patria pedimus*. As I write a delicious translation of Homer (Od. xii. 129) is brought to me:—

τόσα δ' ὁλὼν πόσα καλὰ
πεντήκοντα δ' ἑκαστα: γόνος δ' οὐ γίνεται αὐτῶν.

And as many beautiful kidneys of sheep, fifty each, but you will not get their legs.

This boy deserves to be a son of the clergyman who after serving a long curacy in London was presented to a country living; and who thereon expressed his delight to a friend, and announced that he "should keep a sheep, and have kidneys every morning for breakfast." In all these specimens of the confusion that accompanies some boys in their school

career, it is possible to see some glimmerings of an idea, some chance of letting in light, and doing something for mental ailments.

Boys, as I have already remarked, generally have a strong objection to showing off their literary acquirements. A few, however, have a taste for airing their style; and boys are rarely so amusing and absurd as when, whether by choice or compulsion, they make some literary efforts. In examination papers, questions on the character of men and women often produce queer answers, as for example—

Saul—anger, malice, changeability.

Eli—quietness, regret, religious.

David—bloodthirsty-religious feeling.

Again, the question, "Mention a prominent point in Cicero's character," produced this answer: "1. Speech. 2. Orator. 3. Dictator." Another tells us that "Wolsey was liked by Henry VIII. because he did not mind drinking, dancing, and sinning." The Venerable Bede is a personage whose name has a way of getting mixed up with much doubtful matter. One boy has written that "the Venerable Bede was a historian, known in his own day, from his extreme antiquity, as Adam Bede." Here again is a puzzle: "The country was called Latium with regard to its breadth; Italia with regard to its length."

Here is another communication from friends in council:—

Q. "What is the difference between a strong and weak verb?"

A. "You use a weak verb, when you are not quite sure of the truth of what you say; but you use a strong verb when you are perfectly sure, and wish to be emphatic."

Here are two more Scripture characters, the author of which seems to have taken moral and physical peculiarities in combination: "Naaman was a good man, but he had a bad temper and was a leper." "Hezekiah was a pious man, but he had a very weak heart."

The following literary effort is from a theme on English poetry:—

"English poetry consists of lines put together so that they come in rhyme, and have the same number of syllables in each line; but there is another kind of poetry called prose, which has lines of different lengths, and different numbers of syllables in each line." This is rather rough on Mr. Walt Whitman, and the latter part of the definition might have been prompted by a study of the "nonsense rhymes in

blank verse," with which a famous living comic dramatist is credited:—

There was a young man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they said Did it hurt?
He replied No it didn't,
But I thought all the time 'twas a hornet.

Another boy seriously wrote down the following, on the same subject: "Poetry may be divided into two kinds, the comic and the holy." A literary light of my own tending thus discourses on primitive deacons: "A deacon then was a very different thing to what it is now. He was a kind of sexton, and looked after the church." Mr. Spurgeon complained on one occasion that his deacons were worse than the devil. Resist the devil and he will fly from you; but resist a deacon and he will fly at you. This is even harder upon them than the dictum of my pupil. Perhaps the best specimen of a literary effort that ever came into my hands was produced by an invitation to write a theme upon assassination. Thus it goes off: "Assination is an awful crime, and if not found out during the assin's life, he will meet his reward some day. The last assination which has been committed is of a very awful description, committed by some Nihilists on the Czar of Russia."

The following is a confusing piece of classical dictionary work. "Orestes, Alcmaeon, and Œdipus, were the three mothers of Thebes; he was born by Œdipus, who afterwards killed her husband; they were all matricides." "The world perched on the shoulder of Atlas," is not a very happy expression for Ovid's *sederat*, nor does Hom. Il. ii. 156, *ἐπὶ μὲν Ἀθηνᾶν* "Ἡρα πρὸς μύθον ἔειπεν appear to mean, "Had not Hera made a speech in the Athenian language." *Cæna caput erat*, etc., was a short time ago in my hearing translated, "He was drunk in the head." A conscientious but not very successful attempt, too, was this, *Parī felicitate se gessit*, "He waged himself with Parian felicity." An odd mixture of ideas is suggested by putting "Peace was concluded" into Latin thus, *Pax debellata est*. *Undantia æna* is oddly translated, "The surging pot."

In one sense the schoolboy considers that quality is better than quantity: for he plays fast and loose with the quantities of syllables in a way that is at times appalling. Most pedagogues are accustomed to hear *Lycoris* turned into liquorice; and some have heard what has more than once come to my ears, *flumine languido*

Cockytus errans. It is odd that boys almost invariably make the greatest number of excruciating false quantities when just let loose upon Horace. Words that they would probably pronounce correctly, in Livy or Cicero, they horribly ill-treat when first coming across them in lyrics. I remember in my school-days a bet being made with a great offender in this matter, that he would mispronounce three words in the first line of the ode he was called on to say by rote. His scholarship would not have won him his bet, but a wily cunning did. He boldly began, "*Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume*," and so escaped with only two false quantities.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot," in one sense is not one of the pedagogue's functions; but "making shots," is always a favorite device of the boy; a device leading to a few happy escapes, and to more lamentable falls. Here are a few instances of the sort of thing that happens when skirmishing begins in the scholastic warfare. Q. "In what other phrase in the Old Testament does the word 'ark' occur besides the ark of the tabernacle?" A. "Archangel." Q. "What was a satyr?" A. "A Roman nymph." Q. "Who at Rome wore the *Latus Clavus*?" A. "Those who had the right of admission to the *Cloaca Maxima*." One of my boys, coming across a couple of proper nouns that wanted explanation in an examination paper, made an ill-assorted pair of them thus, "Thalia is the Muse of Poetry. Hister is the Muse of History." "What do you mean," I said to a small boy once, "by saying of a man that he drinks the waters of Lethe?" "That he is fond of beer," was the immediate reply. Again, the question, "Explain the expression, 'The plummet of the house of Ahab,'" elicited the two following responses: (1) "The direct line of his descent;" (2) "A family heirloom." A few days ago I was examining a class *vivâ voce* on the book of Exodus, and we had mentioned On as the seat of the priesthood. On asking a minute or two afterward what the Egyptians principally worshipped, I was promptly answered, "Onions." Rarely does the youthful mind so freely indulge in the propensity to making shots as when a question is asked relative to a figure of speech. The air becomes thick with hazardous conjectures of *zeugma*, *hendiadys*, *asyndeton*, etc. A climax was once reached amongst my boys when a hopeful tried his last chance with "Hoteron-proteron!"

The boy decidedly has not a fine per-

ception of humor. Let no pedagogue dream that his choicest witticisms are really appreciated. For ulterior purposes they are frequently received with great laughter. But the average boy is not really tickled by that which most provokes the amusement of his betters. Two things, however, excite his genuine mirth. One, a bodily slip, fall, or accident happening to one of his fellows; or, still better, to his master. The other, a chance allusion to the name or nickname of some boy in his form; still better, again, to the name or nickname of the master of the form. Thus, not long since at a concert at a well-known public school, a song containing an allusion to beetles was received with the greatest applause, because "beetle" was the nickname of one of the masters who happened to be present. These are things that always cause the boy to give way to inextinguishable laughter. On the other hand, many mistakes which most tend to upset the gravity of masters he regards as boring incidents, useful only by way of occupying time, and postponing inconvenient questions.

There is no danger of the above specimens of boys' blunders and eccentricities being taken too much *au grand sérieux*. For professed pedagogues they may perhaps provide a little amusement; and possibly they may in a very small degree serve a useful purpose in warning the man of educational theories only that school-boys are not so ready as is sometimes imagined to hand over their brains for a master to exercise and pull about as he wishes. On the contrary, they are very jealous of attempts on the part of outsiders to get hold of those commodities. They much prefer secreting them in inaccessible corners of the skull, and putting them to work only for their own purposes; whether those purposes be the reading of the lightest literature, the calculation of their own or a rival's batting average and bowling analysis, or the concocting of mischief. They are not eager for knowledge, nor do they thirst for truth. Their ambition is commonly confined to the prospects of going into the army or navy, or farming and enjoying sport over their own land.

For a long time yet educational controversies are likely to go on. On one field has to be decided the relative value of education and instruction; on another, of classical and modern systems. Though the present is said to be a transition stage, and though it is confidently asserted that

our old established system is slowly but surely giving place to the new, yet it cannot be said that the signs of the times very greatly encourage that hope. It might have been expected, from the nature of the case, that we should see the publication of science primers in far greater quantity than we did years ago; and so we do. But at the same time still greater is the increase of classical school-books. The editions of separate books of Homer and Virgil, of separate Greek plays, of speeches of Cicero and dialogues of Plato, are in immensely greater quantity than they were twenty years ago. And the same may be said of complete editions of classical authors, and of grammars and dictionaries. If the old dog is indeed dying he shows a surprising amount of vigor in his last hours. Neither side is at all likely to prove its point for the present, and to silence its opponents with a triumphant Q. E. D. But out of the controversy it may fairly be hoped that much good is coming. The professed pedagogue is invited to consider his system not as a revelation direct from above, but as a human ordinance, pronounced by many very superior human beings to be radically wrong and intensely stupid. Whether he arrives at the same conclusion or not, it will probably do him a great deal of good to overhaul his system, and when he finds his methods faulty to correct them according to his lights. And it is possible that those who attack the present system will modify the strength of their opinions when they see that the heads of our great schools (who are certainly not, as a body of men, to be justly accused of bigotry or narrowness), are able to go only a short way with them in their proposed reforms. The man of theory will always continue to think and speak of the professed pedagogue as a "gerund-grinder," who will not abandon "that intensely stupid custom, the teaching of grammar to children;" and the professed pedagogue points to the man of theory as an "irrational flabby monster." In both cases, no doubt, considerable injustice is done. Some pedagogues have listened with respect, for example, to the *dictum*, "It may without hesitation be affirmed that grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument," and have modified their methods accordingly. In the matter of Greek I have seen the results in the case of decidedly intelligent pupils — results simply deplorable and irremediable. But if the systems and

methods of the professional are such as to irritate the lay educationalist, some of the tenets of the layman are equally irritating to the professional man, who after inheriting a system and practising it has honestly found that, in his opinion, it answers its purpose. And it is especially irritating to see how in appraising "the relative value of knowledge," an immense amount is said in favor of such sciences as chemistry, botany, anatomy, and comparatively little in favor of literature; and how it seems to be assumed that true religion is fostered by observation and study of the Creator's works as manifested in matter, much more than by the study of his highest work — the mind of man. By some it would seem to be held that the conformation of Shakespeare's skull is a thing of equal interest with the productions of his brain; the history of the earth's crust as engrossing as the history of those for whom the earth's crust was made; the study of human character on a par only with that of the limbs of a frog or the digestive process in an insectivorous vegetable. Man possesses nothing more interesting than his language; but according to some, it would seem that that is the one thing about him undeserving of analysis.

If it be, however, the pedagogue's misfortune that he is obliged to a very great extent to go on with the educational system as he has found it, it is his boast that he has the best right to speak of boys as he finds them. Whether he believes them to be subjects fitter for scientific than for classical, for modern than for old-fashioned education, one thing he will certainly find out by experience, viz., that the quality of education is like that of mercy, blessing him that gives and him that takes; that there is in it a *quid pro quo* of considerable value, to be derived not only from the diversions, many and various, which play-hours and school-hours afford, but also from the contemplation of British schoolboys' many various and good points. Their thoughtlessness leads to many objectionable traits and habits, as for example cruelty, disobedience, mischief; all that which Americans so happily sum up in the expression "pure cussedness." On the other hand, they are open and generous, good-tempered in spite of much to try the temper, very affectionate both to persons and places, at home and at school, forgiving everything in their pastors and masters except partiality and injustice, and at bottom, if they can be induced to reflect, kind-heart-

ed and considerate. That pedagogue, I think, is less adorned with graces than average English boys, who cannot say of them, "With all their faults I love them still."

J. H. RAVEN, M. A.

Beccles.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
JULIET.

BY HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

31 ONSLOW SQUARE, 5th January, 1881.

"So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows."

YOU ask me to write to you, dear friend, of Juliet, and of all my earliest dreams about her. Whose bidding should I heed, if not yours, my always loving, indulgent, constant friend? But indeed you hardly realize how difficult is the task you have set me. Of the characters about which I wrote to our dear Miss Jewsbury, I could speak as of beings outside, as it were, my own personality; but Juliet is inwoven with my life. Of all characters, hers is the one which I have found the greatest difficulty, but also the greatest delight, in acting. My early girlhood's first step upon the stage was made as Juliet. To the last days of my artist life I never acted the character without finding fresh cause to marvel at the genius which created this child-woman, raised by love to heroism of the highest type.

It was at the little theatre beside the Green at Richmond that I first played Juliet; and Richmond is therefore indelibly associated with the Juliet of my early youth. I will tell you why. My holidays were passed there, for there my family always spent some of the summer months. The small house on the Green, in which we were often left, with a kind old servant in charge, looks to me even now like a home. Every step of the Green, the river-banks, the fields round Sion House, the hill, the park, and Twickenham meadows, were all loved more and more as each summer enlarged my sense of beauty. One of my earliest and most vivid recollections — I must have been then a mere girl — was a meeting with "the great Edmund Kean," as my sister called him. He was her pet hero. She had seen him act, and, through friends, had a slight acquaintance with him. Wishing her little "birdie," as she called me, to share all her pleasures, she often took me with her

to the Green for the chance of seeing him, as he strolled there with his aunt, old Miss Tidswell. The great man had been very ill, so that our expectations had been often disappointed. At last, about noon one very warm, sunny day, my sister's eager eyes saw the two figures in the far distance. It would have been bad manners to appear to be watching, so in a roundabout way our approach was made. As we drew near, I would gladly have run away. I was startled, frightened at what I saw, — a small, pale man with a fur cap, and wrapped in a fur cloak. He looked to me as if come from the grave. A stray lock of very dark hair crossed his forehead, under which shone eyes which looked dark and yet bright as lamps. So large were they, so piercing, so absorbing, I could see no other feature. I shrank from them behind my sister, but she whispered to me that it would be unkind to show any fear, so we approached, and were kindly greeted by the pair.

Oh what a voice was that which spoke! It seemed to come from so far away — a long, long way behind him. After the first salutation, it said, "Who is this little one?" When my sister had explained, the face smiled (I was reassured by the smile, and the face looked less terrible), and he asked where I went to school, and which of my books I liked best. Alas! I could not then remember that I liked any, but my ever good angel-sister said that she knew I was fond of poetry, for I had just won a prize for recitation. Upon this the face looked still more kindly at me, and we all moved together to a seat under the trees. Then the far-away, hollow voice, — but it was not harsh, — spoke again, as he put his hand in mine, and bade me tell him whether I liked my school-walks better than Richmond. This was too much, and it broke the ice of my silence. No, indeed! Greenwich Park was very pretty — so was Blackheath, with its donkeys, when we were, on occasions much too rare, allowed to ride them. But Richmond! Nothing could be so beautiful! I was asked to name my favorite spots, and whether I had ever been in a punt — which I had, — and caught fish — which I had not. My tongue, once untied, ran on and on, and had after a time to be stopped, for my sister and the old lady thought I should fatigue the invalid. But he would not part just yet. He asked my name, and when it was told, exclaimed, "Oh, the old ballad! — do you know it? — which begins, —

Oh, my Helen,
There is no tellin'
Why love I fell in;
The grave, my dwellin',
Would I were well in!

I know now why with 'my Helen, love I fell in;' it is because she loves poetry, and she loves Richmond. Will my Helen come and repeat her poetry to me some day?" This suggestion at once silenced my prattle, and my sister had to express for me the pleasure and honor I was supposed to feel.

Here the interview ended. The kind hand was withdrawn which had lain in mine so heavily, and yet looked so thin and small. I did not then know how great is the weight of weakness. It was put upon my head, and I was bid God-speed! I was to be sent for some day soon. But the day never came; the school-days were at hand; those wondrous eyes and that distant voice I never saw or heard again.

How vividly some things remain with us! I can shut my eyes and recall the whole scene, — see and hear all that passed, and thrill again with my old fright and pleasure! The actual words I have mentioned, and many more that passed, doubtless would not have remained with me, if I had not heard them often and often repeated by my sister. She was as proud of this little episode in my young life as if a king had noticed me; and she spoke of her great hero's kind words to me so constantly, — telling them to all our friends, — that they became riveted in my mind. A day or two afterwards she met Miss Tidswell, who told her that Mr. Kean had not suffered from his little walk, and had often spoken of the little sweet voiced maiden, who could be dumb, and yet talkative when the right note was struck. He was very fond, she said, of children, and would like the little sister to pay him an early visit. But this was not to be. He must have recovered from the illness which prevented him from sending for me, for I heard of his acting in London many times afterwards, and felt all a child's pride in having once appropriated the attention of a distinguished man. And who so distinguished, so invested with charm for a girl's imagination, as the tragic hero of the day?

I cannot remember if the house into which I saw him go was the little house attached to the Richmond theatre, which I have heard belonged to him at the time of his death. With that little house are

linked remembrances of mine very deep and lasting. In the parlor I dressed, not many years afterwards, for the part of Juliet, to make my first appearance on the stage. How this came about was somewhat singular. We were, as usual, in our summer quarters at Richmond. At this time a Mr. Willis Jones was the lessee of the little theatre: he was, it was said, a gentleman of independent fortune, who had a great desire to be something more than an amateur actor. The performances took place about twice or thrice a week. The stage door of the theatre always stood open, and on the off days of acting we sometimes stole in and stood upon that, to me, weirdly mysterious place, the stage, looking into the gloom of the vacant pit and boxes. How full of mystery it all seemed! so dim, so impenetrable! One hot afternoon my sister and myself, finding it yet too sunny to walk down to the river (we had to pass the theatre to do this), took refuge in the dark, cool place to rest a while. On the stage was a flight of steps, and a balcony, left standing no doubt after rehearsal, or prepared for that of the next day. After sitting on the steps for a while, my sister exclaimed, "Why, this might do for Romeo and Juliet's balcony! Go up, birdie, and I will be your Romeo." Upon which, amid much laughter, and with no little stumbling over the words, we went through the balcony scene, I being prompter; for in the lonely days by the seashore, of which I have spoken, with only the great kind dog of the house as my companion, I had, unconsciously almost, learned by heart all the scenes in which my favorite heroines figured.

I may say that, in those days, Juliet, like the other heroines of my fancy, was attractive to me principally through what she had to suffer, in which the horror of her tomb, "the being *stified* in the vault," always my first terror, played a prominent part. Our school-walks from Greenwich took us at times to Lee churchyard, where there was a vault that, to my imagination, was altogether terrible. A flight of green, slimy-looking steps led down to a massive door with bars, and we girls used to snatch a fearful pleasure by peering through it into the gloom within. My favorite school-friend was a German girl, with a very pretty face, but in figure so ungainly that she was the despair of our dancing-master. She shared my dread of the terrible, and also the attraction I felt towards it. Over this vault we often talked, and we both agreed that in just such a tomb must

Juliet have been placed. We had seen the toads and frogs hopping about in and near it, and devoutly did we hope that Juliet's face was covered. For, oh the horror for her to have a cold, flabby toad upon it! And then, had we not read of "worms that were her chamber-maids"? — an awful suggestion to the literal mind of young girls. How we rejoiced that, when she really awoke, she saw by her side the "comfortable friar"! To most young minds, I suppose, the terrible and the tragic are always the most alluring. Certainly at that time the fourth and fifth acts of "Romeo and Juliet" weighed heavier in the balance with me than the earlier and happy ones. Of the passion of love I had then naturally no knowledge. It did not interest me. But Juliet's devotion to Romeo, and her resolve to die rather than prove untrue, this I could understand, because all the heroes and heroines worthy of the name, of whom I had read, were always true and devoted.

But I have wandered far from this, to me, memorable afternoon. My sister and I went away to the river, leaving the shadowy gloom of the stage empty as we had found it. To our surprise and consternation we learned, some little time after, that there had been a listener. When our friends arrived in Richmond some days later, the lessee told them that, having occasion to go from the dwelling-house to his private box, he had heard voices, listened, and remained during the time of our merry rehearsal. He spoke in such terms of the Juliet's voice, its adaptability to the character, and so forth, that in the end he prevailed upon my friends to let me make a trial on his stage. To this, at my then tender age, they were very loath to consent. But I was to be advertised simply as a young lady, — her first appearance. At the worst, a failure would soon be forgotten; and, at any rate, the experiment would show whether I had, or not, gifts in that direction. Thus did a little frolic prove to be the turning-point of my life. As I recall those days, and the interval that followed before my *début* on the London stage, where also I was to have made my first appearance as Juliet, all my young life seems wrapped up in her. You can see, therefore, how difficult it must be to divest myself of the emotions inseparable from her name sufficiently to write of her with critical calmness.

Before I attempt to do so, let me complete my gossiping account of my first appearance at Richmond. It was a sum-

mer evening, and the room was given me to dress in, which, I was told, had been Mr. Kean's parlor and dressing-room. There was a glass case there, in which were preserved as relics several articles of his toilet,—he had not been long dead,—brushes and things of that kind. How these brought to my mind that interview—the frail figure which seemed buried in furs, the large eyes so intense in their lustre, the dark hair straggling over the forehead, the voice coming from so far away, and the kind, quaint manner! I could now see how he had humored the shy child by pretending ignorance, in order to draw forth her opinions and explanations. It was very sweet to look back upon, and I could almost believe that his spirit was there in sympathy with mine; had not his parting words to me been a God-speed? Very wisely, no one had ever mentioned in my hearing the words "stage fright." I had thought of the performance only as another rehearsal, with the difference that it was at night and not by day, and with the great additional pleasure of wearing a new dress of white satin, which was so soft and exquisite to the touch, and—oh the dignity of this!—with a small train to it. It had no ornament, not even a flower; for when I heard that I must not wear real flowers, for fear of their dropping on the stage and some one slipping upon them, I would not have any others. As the time for the play to begin approached, and I heard the instruments tuning, and a voice cry out that "the overture was on," I felt a most unaccountable sensation stealing over me. This feeling grew and grew until it nearly overcame me. I saw my mother looking very anxiously at me, and I could not hide from myself that I felt good for nothing. I begged her to leave me to myself for a few minutes. At first she did not gather what was in my mind, and tried to rally my courage; but again I begged to be left, for I knew well that when alone I could more freely seek for the help which all so suddenly I seemed to need more than I ever could have guessed. My wish was granted. They did not return for me till I was wanted for the stage. I remember being asked if I had left anything behind, when I turned to give a last look at the relics in the glass case. It was a sort of farewell—a feeling as if life were ending.

My sister, to give me comfort, was to be the Lady Capulet. Poor darling! she was so agitated that they could hardly persuade her to appear on the scene; and

when the nurse had called out for the "lamb," the "ladybird" (your "ladybird," you know, ever after), the Juliet rushed straight into her mother's arms, never to be lured from them again during the scene by all the cajolings of the nurse. How the lights perplexed me! All seemed so different! I could see people so close to me. It was well I could see *one* whose agitation was apparent to me. I must try to please him, this dear friend of all my young life, my constant helper and instructor, who, though he was no relative, always called me his child. He it was who taught me much of what I learned, after my delicate health took me from school, and sent me to the seashore. To him and him only could I confide, with the assurance of perfect sympathy, all my devotion for the heroines of Shakespeare. He taught me the value of the different metres in blank verse and in rhyme, as I recited to him many of Milton's shorter poems, the "Lycidas" and others, Byron's "Darkness," and large portions of "Childe Harold," which I knew by heart. He made me understand the value of words, nay, of every letter of every word, for the purposes of declamation. Nothing was to be slighted. This true friend—a man of varied and large acquisitions, a humorist, too, and a wit—never refused, although most delicate in health, to give me largely of his time. How grateful I was, and am, to him! His death, which happened far too soon for my advantage—but not for his, for it released him from a life of pain—robbed me of this my first and truest guide and friend. It was *his* face I saw. Should his "child," his darling, give him pain—disappointment? No! Gradually he and Juliet filled my mind, and I went on swimmingly until the fourth act.

Here, with all the ardor and all the ignorance of a novice, I took no heed that the phial for the sleeping potion, which Friar Laurence had given me, was of glass, but kept it tightly in my hand, as though it were a real deliverance from a dreaded fate which it was to effect for me, through the long impassioned scene that follows. When the time came to drink the potion, there was none; for the phial had been crushed in my hand, the fragments of glass were eating their way into the tender palm, and the blood was trickling down in a little stream over my pretty dress. This had been for some time apparent to the audience, but the Juliet knew nothing of it, and felt nothing, until the red stream arrested her attention.

Excited as I already was, this was too much for me; and always having a sickening horror of the bare sight or even talk of blood, poor Juliet grew faint, and went staggering towards the bed, on which she really fainted. I remember nothing of the end of the play, beyond seeing many kind people in my dressing-room, and wondering what this meant. Our good family doctor from London was among the audience, and bound up the wounded hand. This never occurred again, because they ever afterwards gave me a wooden phial. But oh, my dress! — my first waking thought. I was inconsolable, until told that the injured part could be renewed.

So much for my first Juliet! I repeated the character several times in the same little theatre — each time trying to make it more like what would satisfy my dear master, for I sought no other praise.

On the last occasion he was there. When I saw him at the end of the play I was sure something was wrong. He was very silent, and when I begged to have his opinion, whatever it might be, he told me I had not improved, — that I had disappointed him. I was not *in* the character throughout, and he feared I had not the true artistic power to lose myself in the being of another. Oh the pain this caused me! The wound is even now only scarred over. I would not let him see my grief, but I knew no sleep that night for weeping. My generous sweet sister thought I had been cruelly treated, and tried to comfort me and heal my wounds, but they were far too deep for that.

Next day my dear friend was deeply pained to see that I had taken his censure so sorely to heart, and had forgotten how here and there it had been tempered with approbation. After some talk with my mother, it was decided that Juliet and all other heroines were for me to pass once more into "the sphere of dream." I was quietly to forget them and return to my studies. My friend confessed that he had expected too much from my tender years — that an English girl of the age which Shakespeare assigns to Juliet was in every respect a different creature. Development must come later; and certainly I was never a precocious child. So until I appeared about three years later on the London stage, my life was altogether of the quietest.

How good and tender and helpful that dear friend was to me ever after, and how repentant for having caused me that bitter night of sorrow, (for which, I believe,

my sister never quite forgave him, "So cruel, when her darling was so tired!") taking all the blame upon himself, and declaring that he had no right to look for what he did in one so young! Doubtless he was wrong in expecting too much; but the lesson I then learned was never forgotten. He saw and helped me in every other character I acted until his too early death, which was my life's first deep sorrow and loss. Generous heart, I hope yours could tell you how loving and how grateful mine was!

The last night he saw me act at Drury Lane, he had almost to be carried to his private box. He died about ten days after. Never can I forget how good and thoughtful for me Mr. Macready proved himself at this time. I had something very important and difficult to study. It was drawing towards the end of a season in which my work had been most exhausting. I was ill and very tired, so that my memory, usually quick enough, seemed to fail me. I grew nervous, and told Mr. Macready that even by sitting up at night I feared I could not be ready at the time he wished. This engrossing study accounted for my not seeing my dear friend for some days together — only sending to his house daily to inquire for him. During one of those nights that I was spending in study — the night before its results were to be made public — he died. This was kept from me, but word was sent in the morning to Mr. Macready. As my acting that night was of the utmost importance, he sent me a kind note, asking me to go to him directly at the theatre, share his little dinner there, and go quietly with him over the scenes which were making me nervous, and telling me he was quite sure he could put me at my ease. I accepted his invitation, and his gentle kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude. As the afternoon went on, he sent for my dresser, and told her to make me lie down for an hour or two before I thought of dressing for the stage. I had a lurking feeling through the day that something was happening, all looked at me so earnestly and so kindly, but what was hanging over me I could not even guess, because the last news given to me before I left home had been reassuring.

When the performance was over, or my part of it, Mr. Macready met me as I was leaving the theatre, and put a letter into my hand, giving me the impression that it was about business, — I was tired, he said, and the morning would be the best time to read it. Its object really was to

tell me of his sympathy, and to offer what comfort he could, for he knew well how dear was the friend whom I had lost. However, as my great struggle of the night was over, I insisted, in spite of all the remonstrances of my maid, on calling at my friend's house, which we had to pass on the way home, and I got out of the carriage to make my own inquiries. The surprised and frightened look of the servant who opened the door told me everything, and at once I saw why all had combined to keep me in ignorance throughout the day. Then I understood how good Mr. Macready had been. His letter was most kind. He gave me some days' rest to face my trouble, although, as the close of the season was near, he must have been put to extreme inconvenience by my absence. Oh, the sharpness of that grief! The prelude, too, of another terrible trouble; for suddenly Mr. Macready gave up the management of Drury Lane and went to America. Another friend lost! He had been four years at the head of the theatre—two at Covent Garden and two at Drury Lane—doing his very best to raise the tone of the stage to a level worthy of its great poet; while those whom, like myself, he had gathered round him, gladly seconded his efforts, and followed his guidance.

To me the breaking up of this establishment was a heavy blow indeed. Severe as my labors had been, the delight in them far more than outweighed the fatigue. That theatre, conducted as it then was, was an arena in which every gift I had found scope for exercise. My studies were all of an elevating character; my thoughts were given to the great types of womanhood, drawn by Shakespeare's master hand, or by the hands of modern poets—Browning, Marston, Troughton, Bulwer Lytton, and others—anxious to maintain the reputation of the national drama. My audiences, kind from the first, grew ever more and more kind to me, and I felt among them as among friends. Now an end to all this had come—"the world seemed shattered at my feet." Engagements were offered to me in many theatres; in one case I was even asked to assume the office of directress. But I shrank from the responsibilities of such a position, and felt that, for my own interests as an artist, it was not well to allow myself to be hampered by them.

Sick and sad at heart, it was then that the kindness of you, my dear friend, and others like you, cheered my drooping spirits, and encouraged me to believe that

I could walk alone—nay, that a chance which seemed then a calamity might ultimately prove an advantage to me in my art, by leaving me to develop what was in me away from the overmastering influence of Mr. Macready's style. Young in my art as I still was—although the whole weight of every leading female character had, since my *début* at Covent Garden, rested on my shoulders—all seemed to agree that engagements for a week or two at a time in the leading provincial theatres would be the best practice for me. I could thus, too, take rest in the intervals between my various engagements,—rest so necessary for me, overtaxed as my strength had continually been since the beginning of my professional career.

It was with a sad enough heart that I started on my first winter engagement out of London,—for Mr. Macready had always told me that it was in London I must make my home, as no provincial audience would care for or understand my style. I took Edinburgh first, and had a sufficiently cold reception from a house far from full. I had gone there, as I made it always my rule to go, wherever I went, without any heralds in advance to proclaim my coming or to resound my praises. During the summer recesses of Drury Lane, I had played with Mr. Macready for a few nights at Dublin, Liverpool, and Birmingham; but in Edinburgh I was unknown. However, the lessee and manager, Mr. Murray, a man of great ability and accomplishments, who acted Colonel Damas to my Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," this first night of my experience there, told me not to be disheartened. He felt sure, he said, I had taken hold of my audience, and that this was the only indifferent house of which I should ever have to complain. The event proved that he knew his public; and his prophecy was indeed more than realized, for neither there nor elsewhere did I again play to an indifferent house. Of want of enthusiasm or of constancy in my provincial audiences no one could have less reason to complain, nor had I ever occasion from that hour to be reminded of what Mr. Macready had predicted. Had the state of the theatres in London been such as to admit of my joining them, willingly would I have done so. I longed for my London audiences, who had been so kind, so true, so sympathetic in my earliest efforts. And although then and afterwards I only came before them at intervals and for a few weeks at a time, they always made me feel that I was not forgotten, and that

they were as quick as ever to go along with me in my efforts to interpret the heart and nature of woman, as drawn by our master poets.

But let me go back to my early days. Nearly three years, as I have said, elapsed, after my first girlish experiments, before I again trod the stage,—not this time the tiny stage of Richmond, but the vast stage of Covent Garden, and before an audience that filled the theatre from floor to ceiling. The interval, spent in quiet study, had widened my views about many things, Juliet included. But I remained true to my first love; and when it was decided that I should submit myself to the dread ordeal of a London audience, to ascertain whether I possessed the qualities to justify my friends in allowing me to adopt the stage as a profession, I selected Juliet for my first appearance. I rehearsed the part, and was announced to appear in it. During the rehearsals, Mr. Charles Kemble, who was then taking his leave of the stage, was always present, seated in the front of the dark theatre. On his judgment and that of one or two others, I believe the manager was to decide whether, having no experience or practice in the actor's art, I was fit to make an appearance before a London audience. I was not told at the time through what an ordeal I was passing. Mr. Kemble gave judgment in my favor, and was to have taken the part of Mercutio. How sympathetic, and courteous, and encouraging he was! He, to use his own words to me, was making his final bow to his art, as I my first curtsey.

Unhappily for me, the rehearsals showed that the Romeo of the theatre—the only one available at the time—was of too mature an age for so young a Juliet to come before an audience with on a *début*. A little later on, I did act the character with him. He was an excellent actor in his way, but very vehement,—so much so that, when he played Romeo, my sister would never trust me in the tomb alone. He shook it so violently with the crowbar, that she used to declare, if she had not been there to play the part of a caryatid, and hold it up, the whole fabric would have dropped to pieces on my head. Oh, if I had not had a very different Romeo in my imagination, it would have been hard indeed to make one out of such an unromantic, spluttering fellow! When Mr. Macready undertook the management, Mr. James Anderson joined the company, and I had in him a very gallant Romeo. Discretion tempered his fire.

Judge of my dismay when, a few days

before my *début*, I was told that I must forego Juliet, and appear as Julia in "The Hunchback." I was almost heart-broken. But it was too late to recede; and as Julia I had to appear. How much this added to the terrible tension of feeling with which I approached the trial which was either to "make me or undo me quite," none but myself can ever know. You, my dear friend, were there, as you have told me, and you know, as a spectator, how I came through the fearful ordeal. On this occasion I had no loving sister's arms to rush into; but I remember gratefully how kind the Helen of that evening, Miss Taylor (the original Helen of the play), was to me. At the rehearsals she had given me valuable advice as to the stage directions, etc., and during the actual performance she comforted and supported me with all her might, and all the fine tact of a sympathetic heart.

How well I remember that awful moment when called to the side-scene to be ready for my entrance with Helen! Seeing my agitation, Miss Taylor set herself to divert my attention, by admiring my dress. She liked, she said, the yellowish whiteness of it; she could not endure a harsh, dead white. Where had mamma, who was standing beside us, got me such dainty mittens? Then she showed me her own—said how fortunate I was to have such long, wavy hair that curled of its own accord, and did not need dressing—wished hers was the same, and how she had to curl and pinch and torture it and herself, in order to get the same effect,—everything to take off my attention. But as the dreadful moment drew nearer, this talk, all on one side, would not do. With sympathetic tears in her own eyes she begged me not to let those big tears fall so continuously and spoil my pretty cheeks; and when the moment came for our entrance, she put her arm round my waist and propelled me forward, whispered to me to curtsey—again! again!—when but for her help I could hardly stand.

It must have been plain to the audience how good she was to me; and they, no doubt, favorite as she was, liked her all the better for it. I cannot but think what a different play "The Hunchback" was then, when Helen was interpreted by a lady. Her refinement of manner took nothing away from the archness and piquancy of her scenes with Modus, but rather added to them. He, too, appeared as a real student, not unmannerly and stupid from want of breeding and sense, but only awkward from abstraction and

absorption in his book-lore. It was sheer *ennui*, and not forwardness, that made Helen in the dull country house amuse herself with him. I shudder to think what I have seen these scenes reduced to of late years. Indeed latterly I declined to act in this fine play, because I did not like to be mixed up, even indirectly, with these misinterpretations. It is woful that an author's words and meaning should be degraded by such tones and looks and manner, and that audiences are found ready to bear with, if not indeed to enjoy, such perversions of his purpose.

At the end of the first act the kind actors came about me, saying that it was "all right." I had only to take courage and speak louder. But, alas! I felt it was "all wrong." I could not control my fears and my agitation. They gave me *sal volatile*, which I gave mostly to my dress. My mother looked sad and disappointed; the dear old dresser very pitiful.* My sister, alas! was not with me. I thought all was over, and did not see my way at all to getting through the play. Then came a knock at my dressing-room door, which my mother answered, and I heard the dear, accustomed voice of my friend and master say, "Have you given the poor child anything?" I cried out for him to come to me, but the voice answered, "Not now, my child; take all the rest you can." There was, I fancied, such a trouble in the tone, that it added to my own. It was evident he

could not trust himself near me. He had been among the audience, but in that enormous theatre only a sea of heads was seen. No one could be distinguished; so this time he had not helped me. I felt despairing. Never can I forget that half-hour. While I write, it comes back upon me with all its hopeless anguish.

Again, when we met at the side-scene for the second act, kind Miss Taylor had to go through the admirer's part: she liked my hat and feather, and my whole dress, — thought them very becoming, and reminded me that now we were to change characters, — that I was to be the gay, fine lady, and she only the listening, astonished one. A very watery smile was, I am sure, all that answered her. When we went upon the scene, and during the pause at the long, kind reception that again awaited me, my eyes lighted on a familiar face raised above all the others, and close to me in the orchestra. Long, white hair fell on each side of it, and I saw the handkerchief wiping tears from the eyes. Again a face saved me. I knew it was that of my dear grandfather, who, because of his deafness, was, during the play, allowed to occupy the leader's seat. In an instant the thought flashed into my mind of the sad disappointment that was in store for these dear grandparents, who had been real parents to me in all my earliest years, — the one present, and the other, the beloved Quaker grandmother, who had never been inside a theatre, and who was waiting, as I knew, at home in an agony of suspense, and whose blessing was the last thing on my heart as I left it. Oh, I could not endure to pain *them*! The help I needed, and which I knew was even then being invoked for me, came. In a moment, as it seemed, my agitation calmed. My voice gained tone, and when the point arrived where I had to say, "I'll shine, be sure I will," the kind audience interrupted me with a shout of applause. From this time I never faltered, always keeping the dear and now smiling face before me.

At the end of the third act I was told the manager (not Mr. Macready; he took the management a year later) had requested to see my friends to consult about a three years' engagement, which, as I was much under age, was signed by them for me next morning, and attached me for that period to Covent Garden, as the leading actress there. Thus was I bound to the art which was the delight of my after life, and the way opened for me to clothe — oh happy privilege! — with form and motion the great creations of poeti-

* This excellent woman, who was attached to my dressing-room on this my first night as my attendant, never left me afterwards while I was permanently in London. We were attached to each other from that time. She never left my side except when I was on the stage, but attended with a shawl or cloak all my exits and entrances. She used to be called my duenna, for she hurried me away from those who might wish to speak or detain me with, "I beg your pardon, my young lady has only too little time to change her dress," or to rest in, as it might be. My mother had full confidence in this good woman's care of me, and with good cause. She had known her before she became, as she was now for the second time, a widow. The nursing of her second husband in a long decline had exhausted her means, and caused her to seek the occupation in which I first knew her. This sweet, refined, unselfish, pure-minded woman was a great assistance and comfort to me. Silence was the order my mother had given as the rule for my dressing-room, — no talk to take my thoughts from the work I had in hand. I never knew the dear creature break it, except after the scene where the nurse proves untrue to Juliet. Then her indignation knew no bounds; such treachery, such desertion of her charge in the hour of her trouble — nothing could be so wicked in her eyes! Even the frequent repetition of the play hardly calmed her anger. This dear woman, whose rare fine qualities I have never seen excelled in stations far above her own, is still, I rejoice to say, in my loving care. She rests in her cottage at Old Windsor, where her daughter slowly died of the same disease as her father, — and waits with all the patience she can for the day she longs for, that will lay her by the side of that dear daughter, whose place and care for my "dear old Goody" has for years been filled by a niece, an adopted daughter.

cal genius over which my girlish imagination had so long brooded.

Of Mr. Charles Kemble's good opinion of me I have already spoken. When it was decided that the play should be changed to "The Hunchback," he offered to resume his original part of Sir Thomas Clifford to support me. Never can I forget his rendering of it. What a high and noble bearing! What tender respect in his approaches as a lover! What dignified forbearance and self-respect in his reproof afterwards, and in his deportment as the secretary! All this made the heroine's part more difficult to act; for who, even the most thoughtless, could for a moment have thought of the title or the fortune of such a man in comparison with himself?

Mr. Kemble's kindness to me never ceased as long as he lived. When he left the stage at the end of this his last engagement, he told my mother that he should always be proud and happy to give me the benefit of his experience, whenever I thought it would be of use to me. I need not say that, on many occasions, I gladly took advantage of his permission. He collected and had bound for me several plays in which his daughter had acted; in the first volume is a charming little note addressed to "my dear little friend." During the few months we acted together, his name for me was always "baby." No doubt my ignorance of all the technical necessities of my art was very amusing to one who had spent so much of his life in it. I can never say in words how kind and good he was to me on all occasions.

In connection with that first night at Covent Garden, I must tell you a little anecdote of my German school friend. On that night a young girl was sitting near some people whom we knew. Throughout the performance she made herself very conspicuous by clapping her hands, and breaking out into admiring but very disturbing exclamations. At last some one near ventured on a gentle remonstrance, and a remark that she could not be aware of the noise she was making. Upon this she said, "Oh, please, do not mind,—really I cannot help it. She was my schoolfellow, and I am so happy!" It was explained to her between the acts that she was speaking to friends who knew me. Upon this she became very confidential, told them many incidents of our school days, and sent me more loves and messages than could be carried. But the ever-recurring refrain was, "Why had I been unfaithful to our

school love, Juliet, whose tomb in Lee churchyard we had so often dressed up with horrors, and in whose character she had heard of my appearing at Richmond?" It was very hard to make her understand that there was no Romeo to be had youthful enough for her old playmate's Juliet.

Something of this was told me at the end of the second act of the play by my dear friend and master, who came to my room joyously, and being now assured that all was well, did his best to animate my courage. He made me laugh by his description of the vehemence of my young school friend, and he was made the bearer of a message from me to her. She was to go the next day and tell our dear governess and her sister, near whom she lived, all about the night. This was such a lucky incident: it made me forget in part the dreaded audience, and filled my mind with fresh incentives to succeed, in order to give pleasure to the dear friends whose thoughts I knew were with me.

I said, in the beginning of this letter, that Juliet was inwoven with my life. Some of the reasons I have mentioned, but there are other personal associations which for me are inseparably linked with the character.

My beloved only sister was with me in my dressing-room while acting Juliet during the last hours we were together in life. During that sad evening we talked of the sportive afternoon rehearsal at Richmond in which she was my Romeo, and all that had come out of it. We parted in the morning; and oh, what a parting!—she to sail that day with her husband to America, where in Boston, eighteen months afterwards, she died. By a strange coincidence, the first time I acted after the news reached me was as Juliet. The occasion was one of those unsatisfactory monster performances which had been arranged many weeks before, in order to help the funds required for the statue of Mrs. Siddons, now in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Macready was requested to act some scenes in "Henry the Fourth," and I to give the fourth act in "Romeo and Juliet." What the other performances were, I do not remember. The blow had fallen upon me only some ten days before, and it made me naturally unfit for exertion of any kind. But the committee so importuned me, urging that to take my name from the programme would seriously affect the receipts, that at last I consented to make the effort, not caring much what became of me. How the whole misery of that

time comes before me now! Mr. Ma-
cready, who knew my sister, and there-
fore knew what her loss was to me, sent,
and came to my dressing-room door, sev-
eral times during the evening, asking
after and pressing to say a word to me.
We had not met for some time. He was
acting his farewell engagements in the
provinces, and our paths were different.
I felt that I could not bear his look of
sympathy or words of kindness, and had
to deny myself to him. Even the very
sound of his voice heard at the door was
all but too much for me. I had a duty
before me, and I dared not break in upon
the calm which I had forced upon myself.
Over my Juliet's dress I threw a large
flowing black veil, which I hugged to my
heart as an outward proof of the mourning
within it, and which, in some measure,
comforted me. Besides, it also hid from
me any kind faces which might have met
mine at the side-scenes.

The greetings of the audience did not
move me. They did not know my grief,
so I could bear them. I got on very well
in the scene with the friar. There was
despair in it, but nothing that in any way
touched upon my own trial. My great
struggle was in Juliet's chamber when left
alone. Then her desolation, her loneli-
ness, became mine, and the rushing tears
would have way. Happily the fearful
images presented to Juliet's mind of what
is before her in the tomb soon sent softer
feelings away; but how glad I was when
the fancied sight of Tybalt's ghost allowed
the cry that was in my heart to find vent
in a shriek of grief, as well as horror!

From Juliet's bed I was taken to my
own, which kept me for many a long day.
That is a night which I hardly dare to
look back upon. Months and months
followed, when the cry was ever in my
heart for my loved one, whose loss was to
me that of half my life. Can you wonder,
then, what thoughts and memories Juliet
stirs within me?

It shocks me to think how egotistical I
must appear in telling you all these per-
sonal details. But in writing of these
things, I look back upon myself as upon
some different person. And then you,
dear friend, and many other friends, have
urged me so strongly to tell you of my
past in relation to the work I did, that
you must share the blame with me.

What I have to say of Shakespeare's
Juliet must be reserved for another letter.
Ever your loving and grateful

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

To Mrs. S. C. HALL.

From Chambers' Journal.

A SHEEP-EATING PARROT.

A SINGULAR bird has recently been
added to the collection in the Zoological
Gardens, London. This is none other
than a carnivorous parrot, whose love of
animal flesh manifests itself in a very
decided predilection for mutton. There
are two things which to the naturalist are
remarkable in connection with this bird.
First, it is, in respect of this flesh-eating
propensity, an exception to the whole
family of parrots, which are frugivorous,
living on fruits, seeds, leaves, buds, and
the like; and second, this carnivorous
taste is not a natural but an acquired pos-
session, the species of parrot in question
having been till a few years since frugiv-
orous, like others of its family.

This curious bird is the kea (*Nestor
notabilis*) or mountain parrot, and comes
from New Zealand. The general color of
its plumage is green; its length from
point of bill to extremity of tail, is twenty-
one inches; its bill is about two inches
long, the upper mandible being curved,
and very strong. It inhabits the higher
wooded glens and recesses of the moun-
tainous districts of New Zealand, and,
like the owl, is generally nocturnal in its
habits. The kea was first made known
to science in 1856. In the time of Maori
rule, the bird was as innocent and harm-
less in its habits, as respects its food, as
any others of the parrot family; and it
was not till the higher tracts of country
were utilized by the early settlers as runs
for sheep, that the kea was tempted to
desert its fruit-eating habits, and to join
the destructive army of the carnivora.

About 1868, it was noticed at the sheep-
shearing season on the upland runs that
many sheep were suffering from sores or
scars, more or less recent, on the back,
immediately in front of the hips. Curiously
enough, it was observed that in all
the animals so injured the wound was in
precisely the same place in each—fairly
above the kidneys. In some cases (says
Mr. Potts, who has contributed an ar-
ticle to the *Zoologist* on the subject),
the part affected had a hard, dry scab, or
merely a patch of wool stripped off; oth-
ers showed a severe wound, in some in-
stances so deep that the entrails protrud-
ed. The animals so injured were invari-
ably those that were in the best condition;
and many discussions ensued as to what
could be the cause of this singular state
of things. At last a shepherd gave it as
his opinion that the injury was inflicted

by a kind of parrot, rather a tame sort of bird, that was to be met with in the higher ranges; but the shepherd's opinion was only laughed at. Yet the shepherd, after all, was found to be right. In connection with the stations on sheep-runs in New Zealand, there is a meat-gallows, where the carcasses of sheep killed for food are kept; and it was observed by the shepherds that the keas were in the habit of visiting the gallows and breaking off bits of mutton fat with their strong beaks. Soon afterwards, one or more hands actually saw a parrot on the back of a sheep, plucking and tearing the wool and flesh on a precisely similar spot to that where so many had been found to be fatally wounded.

There was no doubt about the keas being the offenders, and means were at once taken to have their numbers reduced. Since then, a mortal enmity has existed against them on the part of the shepherds; and justly so, as it is found that from three to five per cent. of every flock is so wounded or killed. In some individual instances, the ratio of destruction has been much higher. On one station on the Matatapu, out of a flock of twenty Lincoln rams, nineteen were within one month killed by these parrots. On another run, a flock of three hundred and ten strong, young wethers were, within a period of five months, so seriously injured by the keas, that at the end of that time only one hundred and five remained alive. In consequence of this destruction, men were engaged to kill the bird at a shilling a head; and these men, taking advantage of its nocturnal habits, now range the mountains at night, lighting fires to attract their game. In the daytime, they rest and prepare the skins for sale. But the kea, with the cleverness and cunning of its tribe, has grown very shy and wary, and knows very well, when it sees a man carrying a gun, what he is likely to do with it.

Mr. Potts gives a striking account of the cruelty and rapacity of the keas in the prosecution of their horrible taste for sheep fat, the part especially liked by them being the fat that surrounds the kidneys. With this view, they do not hesitate to tear open the animal's flesh till they arrive at these organs, after tearing out the fat of which, they leave the poor animal to linger on or die in excruciating agony. "Sheep," says Mr. Potts,

"whilst being got out of snowdrifts, are often mortally hurt by the attacks of keas; especially are the birds prone to molest those carrying double fleeces, as though they knew how firm a foothold they could maintain with their grip. When one of these sheep, temporarily exhausted with its exertions in toiling through deep snow under the burden of two years' growth of wool, breaks off from the mob and leaves the track, desperately floundering into deeper snow-wreaths, a flock of parrots, ever watchful as they hover round, soon perceive their opportunity for mischief: they alight close to the spot where the sheep, unconscious of approaching danger, stands gazing fixedly in a state of helpless stupidity; gradually hopping or moving towards the victim with some show of caution, one of the keas at last settles on the back of the sheep, which, terrified at the strange visitor that thus besets it, bounds away; the bird now rises only to alight again on the same place, and clutching into the wool with its sharp claws, retains its hold more firmly and tenaciously. In vain the tortured animal in the direst agony seeks to rid itself of its cruel persecutor, that boldly keeps its vantage; after running and struggling some distance, its efforts to escape become feeble; it is at length so hard pressed that in a few minutes it yields passively to the tearing and searching beak of the kea."

These repulsive, flesh-devouring propensities may have been acquired through the bird's being forced, in severe winters, to approach the stations in hopes of finding food, and there feeding on the flesh in the meat-gallows, and thus gradually forming a carnivorous appetite of such strength, that its former frugivorous tastes are entirely destroyed, and flesh now forms its sole food. The kea in the Zoological Gardens was struck down while it was in the act of attacking a sheep; but the man did not succeed in capturing it till it had torn his clothes in many places and severely lacerated his hands. Its food consists mainly of mutton, raw; it does not care for cooked meat, but will take it if very hungry. Occasionally it will take beef, and is fond of pork. But its vegetarian tastes seem almost completely eradicated, for it will not touch bread, though it likes the seed of sow-thistle. It is altogether a remarkable and curious bird.

LIVING ROMAN REMAINS.—A few years ago some earth was thrown up in the neighborhood of a Roman ruin in Northumberland. Shortly after, several plants of a foreign species sprang up among the freshly turned soil. At first they were taken by my informant for the Alpine *erinus*, a flower allied to our own speedwells, and sometimes cultivated in English gardens, from which it occasionally escapes and establishes itself for a while on old walls in the neighborhood. But on further examination the intruder proved to be the Spanish *erinus*, a plant not before known to occur in England. Certainly it had never been noticed on this spot before the excavations. Now, it happens that the Romans had quartered a garrison of Spanish cavalry at this very place for nearly two hundred years. Is it possible, then, that the Spanish soldiers had planted some of their native veronicas around their station; that a few of the seeds had got buried in the *débris* of the Roman works (perhaps, when the first English colony settled near the wall, under Octa or Oisc the Jute); that they had retained their vitality for so many centuries unimpaired; and that they germinated at last when once more exposed to air and moisture? It would be too much to say that they did; and yet the theory is not wholly impossible. As a rule, seeds lose their vitality in seven years or less, but in a few authentic cases they have been known to germinate after a whole century. Indeed, there is one case on record which would surpass even that of the Spanish *erinus*. Mr. Kemp once received some seeds which were found in the bottom layer of a sandpit, twenty-five feet below the surface; he sowed them carefully, and they produced plants of dock, orache, and black bindweed. It appeared from the circumstances of the case that they must have been deposited at a time when the valley of the Tweed was occupied by the bed of a lake, and as no lake existed there in Roman times that must have been at least two thousand years since, or probably much more. So we may perhaps give the Northumberland *erinus* the benefit of the doubt. In any case, it is pretty certain that the Roman occupation has left several marks upon the plant and animal population of Britain. The edible snail, almost beyond doubt a remnant of the Italian occupation, is found most abundantly near the old military stations, especially in those parts of England where vineyards were planted. Even the country people still know it as the Roman snail. It does not occur with our other native snails in deposits of pre-Roman date. According to Professor Boyd Dawkins, the Romans also introduced the fallow deer; and if this be so, its survival to our own day must be regarded as equally a living memorial of the Romans in Britain. Our debt to the Romans in this matter is undoubtedly immense. Almost every grape, cherry, peach, pear, plum, green fig, quince, or mulberry that we eat is directly descended from Roman ancestors. It

was the Romans, too, who naturalized the chestnut, walnut, sycamore, box, and laurel. How many of our southern types of wild flowers may be escapes from their gardens it would be difficult to say; in some cases, certain flowers are still only found on the walls or in the neighborhood of their stations.

Pall Mall Gazette.

COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE BY THE JEWS.—The only practicable and—considering the present condition of our co-religionists from a religious and social point of view—the only possible way to facilitate the settlement or occupation of the Holy Land by Jews, would be to aid or encourage the settlement in suitable localities of small batches, say of five to ten families—never more as a rule—at intervals of two, three, and even five years apart. Not more, be it understood, than fifty families being sent in any one year, and the emigrants being selected from a class of liberal and enlightened Jews, who would “move with the times.” The material progress of these would proceed *pari passu* with a corresponding advance in the condition of Judaism itself, beyond the confines of Palestine. And with such an advance, the question of emigration on a larger scale would come within the sphere of practical consideration. Such a settlement of tiny colonies would have innumerable advantages. The cost would be comparatively trifling; the work could therefore be properly started, the emigrants well provided with every requisite necessary for agriculture. Small tracts of land only being necessary, better land and more conveniently situated could be selected. It would be an easier task to secure suitable families—having a rational view of the Mosaic ordinances, that is—where only a small number are wanted. The settlement of small batches would not cause economic disturbances, such as would result from a sudden inflow of thousands, where there are, practically, no markets; where no export trade is organized, or likely to be organized in agricultural products. They would gradually make markets and create trade. And it must not be forgotten that good markets, foreign and inland, are absolutely necessary in order to secure the success of an agricultural community. For the Jewish settler of to-day would never be content to make tools and implements as did his ancestors, nor would he be content to live as his progenitors were accustomed two thousand years ago. Civilization has produced changes in him, as in all others. His wants would be greater than those of his progenitors. To supply these requires not alone a superfluity of produce, but markets wherein to dispose of or barter such superfluity. Only settlements on a small scale, and very gradually formed as we point out, would render all this possible.

Jewish World.